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The Editors
LESSONS FROM SPACE
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IN DEFENSE OF MANAGED INTEGRATION

A RACE-CONSCIOUS TOOL FOR A RACE-CONSCIOUS SOCIETY

Ernest W. Ranly **UNDER THE PERUVIAN VOLCANO**

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Correspondence

Frank emulation

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: At fifty-five years old, when I grow up, I want to be Frank Sheed ["What Frank & Maisie Did In America," November 1] as long as my son turns out as well as Wilfrid and my daughters imitate Maisie.

Vatican II American Catholics should recall that *aggiornamento* didn't just happen; Sheed and Ward along with Dorothy Day, Bishop Sheil, Father John Monaghan, and a host of others helped to bring all of us into the new day.

FRANK C. ARRICALE

Victim of marketing

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Editors: Cheers to Frank McConnell for "Shelf Indulgence" (November 29). As a free-lance writer and long-time victim of editorial whim, I've reached the conclusion that the most disadvantaged class in the world is the serious writer. I say serious as contrasted to those hacks who simply ride the crest of the current craze, whose output is so well considered it often seems to appear in print before the fact. The extent of the carnage in Jonestown, Guyana, for example, hadn't even been established before at least two book-length treatments of the subject were published. These authors are opportunists, not writers. There's a place for them, surely, but not to the total exclusion of genuine literary work.

The following quote from the (now, alas, defunct) *Saturday Review* illustrates my point:

> As the chains [booksellers] . . . gain more control over the retail end of publishing, the shelf space reserved for that *other* kind of book — serious literature, poetry, and works of scholarship — gets smaller. Correspondingly, the pressure grows on editors to begin passing up manuscripts they know won't fit the formula.

LORETTA LOMBARDO

Hypocrisy at the root

Carlsbad, Calif.

To the Editors: I was particularly moved by "Un-collared Crime," [November 29], written by Niel Glixon. The content about everyday news items, seemingly unconnected, had all been filed away in the recesses of my mind under various categories: EPA, FDA, FBI, our in-Justice Department, Bhopal, E.F. Hutton. I was made to realize that they all did have a common thread. I think that hypocrisy is at the root of the ills of our citizenry. Our people are inured to one another; they are insensitive. If something causes our own discomfort, only then will we become concerned and involved.

LEON M. MOSNER

The wake of Bhopal

Danbury, Conn.

To the Editors: Niel Glixon's inclusion of Union Carbide and the Bhopal tragedy in an article focusing on corporate crime ["Un-collared crime," November 29] is a disservice both to the people of Union Carbide and to the dialogue on Bhopal. As the Deputy General Counsel of Union Carbide, I have been extensively involved with the Bhopal aftermath since the occurrence and, as a loyal subscriber for a number of years to *Commonweal*, hopefully have established my credentials to comment.

Mr. Glixon is factually wrong on several counts. He states that "Union Carbide's top officers in the U.S., including Warren Anderson, refused to even discuss [the issue of responsibility for the Bhopal disaster] with reporters . . ." On December 10, 1984, Mr. Anderson stated at a press conference that the parent corporation fully accepts moral responsibility for the incident (*Washington Post*, December 11). This statement has been repeated many times over.

Why the qualification of "moral" responsibility, rather than full or total responsibility, one may fairly ask. The answer lies in the American culture concerning the role of litigation and legal liability, which we seek to distinguish. Mr. Glixon cites approvingly the example of the chairman of Japan Air Lines who resigned immediately after the August crash of a JAL 747 in which 520 people were killed. The JAL chairman is apparently still making the rounds to apologize personally to the victims' relatives. This gesture is part and parcel of the Japanese tradition, which includes avoidance of litigation (in Japan at least) over the loss of loved ones. Parties prefer to reach direct agreements on settlements, which is perfectly consistent with the paternalism of Japanese culture (as an aside, one wonders whether Mr. Glixon would be equally quick to embrace other aspects of that paternalism, particularly its subordination of self to group interests and to tradition). Warren Anderson, by the way, has repeatedly said publicly that we want to settle Bhopal claims as soon as possible. Our settlement efforts over the last twelve months have not been successful — but we're still trying.

In the U.S., our citizens are not quite as reserved about litigation as the Japanese. American lawyers were in the air to Bhopal to sign up potential clients, literally within hours of the incident. Suits claiming billions of dollars were filed within days. Let's face an unpleasant fact: ours is a litigious and adversarial society. Until that culture is changed (which would also require radical legislation), one would be foolish indeed to engage in public *mea culpas*. Within twenty-four hours of the occurrence, Mr. Anderson was en route to India to offer his condolences in person and to offer the financial and other resources of Union Carbide Corporation in the relief effort.

(Continued on page 93)

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LESSONS FROM SPACE

MONDAY, January 27, 1986. Kennedy Space Center, Florida. "It was just not our day," said Bob Sieck, director of shuttle operations. *Challenger*'s mission had been delayed again, its sixth operational postponement. This time the culprit was not the weather, but a small, recalcitrant handle bolt. But tomorrow would be different.

January 28 dawned with cobalt clear horizons. Anticipation on the launching pad was crisp and electric. But *Challenger* and it seven-member crew would ascend too far and too quickly from its Florida base this day, and end with a different Bolt.

We would watch it again and again, in stunned repetition: the rocket's red glare, its powerful thrust, a swiftly growing trail of mountainous vapors. And then, in the flash of an eye, a piercing orange ball, more billiant than the comet, and death wrapping all seven in its cloud.

Who of us will ever forget the cheers gone to shrieking wails, the white trail suddenly a shattered wishbone in the Atlantic sky? The space agency would refer to it later as "an event." ("The event took place. . . .") But who of us will ever dislodge the distilled misery of the moment we learned of *Challenger*? Years from now, should a young child direct our eyes overhead to the white line of a high-streaking jet, what sights might flash across our ruthless inward eye?

The "*Challenger* Seven," as President Reagan has called them in his eloquent eulogy, taught us more than heroism. (Indeed, talk of heroism at such moments has a flat ring. It is intended to mute self-recrimination, to deflect conscience from the lessons of death.) They taught us the significance of life. There had been no escape mechanism. In an awful moment, our whole world stood naked and still: human aspiration ceased, the computers froze, stock markets fell suddenly worthless. It was a moment of truth. "Death is an absurd thing," wrote Nicholas Berdyaev following the death of his wife, "but there is also something luminous in it: the revelation of love, obscured by everyday life."

We had all gone out that morning carrying our shields, our hearts high with anticipation when we thought of a teacher going into space. How could we think of failure when we saw such graceful limbs, such shining faces? We had forgotten that Florida's Sooty Terns, not we, were meant for flight. We had witnessed so many uninterrupted successes in space. Now a laywoman was simply going along, too. Unwittingly, we were delivered up helpless before fate, exposed, in Simone Weil's phrase, with nothing to separate us from tears.

Ever since the Garden, our lot has been to strive beyond ourselves: to test the broad seas, to scale the skies, to erect ceaseless towers, to unlock all secrets. Who would settle for mere limits? We are heaped with a "repining restlessness" which might, in Georger Herbert's image, one day pulley-like toss us exhausted on God's breast.

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Given the imperfection of all things not divinely wrought — including our era's reverence-inspiring space and military technology — it was but a matter of chance and time before some fatal failure visited a shuttle. We did not wish to think of it. We put aside the possibility. And when the button was pushed that Tuesday morning, disaster was in exile. Most of us went about our work and our coffee breaks as usual, as if the love of life we saw in the astronauts rendered them and us invincible. We were wrong.

The seven who died were among the brightest and the best. Parents, musicians, warriors, holders of many advanced degrees; some had overcome discrimination, sexual and racial; men and women of unusual character. And yet in a moment they were gone. Elevated by technology before our admiring eyes, propelled by our hearts' passion to reach beyond earthly gravity, assured that the endless technicalities were meticulously solved, they trusted, as did we, and the button was pressed.

From Gander to Cape Canaveral, the American soul has been seared this winter, our hearts cut through and wrenched. Human life, once lost, is not recaptured. The plan was for fifteen missions in 1986. Soon it was to be twenty-four. "Commercial enterprise will prosper in space," we were told; and the Air Force would requisition a third of all shuttle flights. But now, all of this has stopped dead. For a time we will live without it. The inquiry panels will proceed: to review, revise, and finally to renew. Perhaps we will learn that a greater part of our space exploration can be accomplished without jeopardizing precious lives. A forceful lesson.

In 1984 when astronaut Judith Resnik reached orbit on the shuttle *Discovery*, she immediately radioed back her first impressions: "The earth looks great." It was a Genesis-like appraisal. Now she is gone. Let her words persuade us of our grandeur. This sphere must be enhanced, not jettisoned, lived with and nourished, preserved and returned to with new keys for human peace.

Last year in Mexico City, forty-one babies were recovered, still alive after a week beneath the earthquake rubble. In Armero, Colombia, a seventy-five-year-old woman was rescued twenty-four days after her house had been entombed in a volcano's mud. The whole world exalted. Human life, frail but infinitely valuable, had miraculously endured. Let the shuttle program proceed again. But carefully, and with respect for the dead.

HURRICANE WARNING

The report of the overthrow of President-for-Life Jean-Claude Duvalier was greatly exaggerated. Too bad. For just short of three decades, Haiti has been under the fist of Duvaliers, *père et fils,* and of their entourage of thugs. No country in the Western Hemisphere is poorer, or more ridden by disease and ignorance. The land has suffered with its people, its countryside ravaged by deforestation and erosion. Since the bloody revolution that substituted a black republic for French plantation colonialism at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Haiti's political history has been chaotic and cruel. Two decades of occupation by U.S. Marines did not leave democracy in its wake but only the Duvaliers.

If only a little, Haiti has been feeling the pressure of the human-rights movement. Haiti's "boat people" drew the attention of outsiders. About a third of Haiti's half-billion-dollar budget comes from overseas aid, and those donors — prodded by informed people more than by the diplomats — have indicated their desire for reform. The Duvalier regime has responded with various gestures, ordering an end to torture, abolishing the death penalty for "Communist activities" (i.e., all political protests), and appearing to tolerate an embryonic domestic opposition. Behind those gestures, however, there has been no real will to loosen a dictatorial grip. Scarcely had the death penalty been abolished for political crimes last November, for example, when the army opened fire on demonstrators, killing several high school students, bystanders as well as participants. For reporting on such events, both Catholic and Protestant radio stations were temporarily put off the air. Indeed, over the course of recent years, the Catholic church has become an increasingly outspoken source of criticism in Haiti as well as of aid to the poor. Thus anger, frustration, and opposition have swollen while the government searches for a suitable cosmetic in place of the needed surgery.

Last May, Haiti experienced food riots. Now it has been undergoing genuinely political uprisings. Year after year, the White House has smiled and certified a supposedly gradual improvement in Haiti's human-rights record. The Haitian people are not so complacent. As in South Africa, as in the Philippines, Washington has at last had to admit to realities others have been warning about for years.

A STITCH IN TIME

Can anyone continue to claim that deep dissatisfaction about the situation of women in today's Catholic church — and demands for thoroughgoing change — are limited to small circles of unrepresentative feminists?

When St. Mary's College, South Bend, Indiana, held a three-day symposium on "Women in the Church," some of the results surprised even the meeting's leaders, Nancy Schwoyer and Rosemary Haughton. Apparently no one expected a group of St. Mary's graduates from the 1940s and '50s — Catholic women who are middle-aged, generally financially secure, established in their communities, and educated in preconciliar Catholicism — to state their beliefs

- that Scripture "understood in a non-historical perspective reinforces male domination";
- that "women are equally gifted . . . and qualified to participate in all decision-making . . . roles of leadership";
- that "hierarchical titles are divisive to the people of God who are called to be friends. . . . Hierarchical structures should be dismantled and restructured to include men and women";
- that the church should take a more realistic stance on family planning and . . . aggressively foster research in birth

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control. . . . Families broken by divorce, death, abuse, or incest should no longer be invisible in the faith community but should be supported by the church";

- that "single women and men have been ignored, neglected, and alienated . . . and need an equal place within the church";
- that "widows [and] elderly women, particularly the poor; single parents without family resources, and immigrants" deserve our particular attention.

Such views may be "fairly routine" among Christian feminists, write Schwoyer and Haughton in their report on the symposium, but, given these participants, were of a "radical nature." Indeed, if there is a complaint to be made of the symposium results as recorded in this report, it is that they often come expressed in "fairly routine" feminist phrasing; somewhere in the process, they lost the spontaneous ring and freshness of new voices in the discussion. Nonetheless, the general veracity of the report cannot be doubted. Indeed, the two authors are scrupulous in warning against overgeneralizing from the meeting's results. The meeting's participants certainly weren't representative of Catholic women generally, or perhaps even of the St. Mary's graduates of that time. But they did come from backgrounds not usually associated with outspoken Catholic feminism. That the sentiments expressed by these alumnae were so surprising, even to their tried and true leaders, may show how far the church still has to go. That these statements were made by this particular, loosely formed group of women also shows how far the church has come.

Undocumented aliens

WHERE WELCOME WAITS

JUBILEE'S NIGHT RIDE TO CANADA

WHILE THE trial drags on in Tucson, Arizona — for eleven persons accused of providing sanctuary to undocumented Central American aliens — a Christian community in Comer, Georgia offers safe haven to a lucky few. Jubilee Partners, Inc., founded in 1979 by three couples and their six children, welcomed its first group of refugees even before the founders' had finished building their own modest homes. "Here we were, sitting in a house with no windows in it," said co-founder Mary Ruth Weir, "talking about what we could do to help the boat people." At that time the U.S. government was permitting large numbers of Cuban refugees and "boat people" from Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia to settle here on condition that American citizens volunteer to sponsor them.

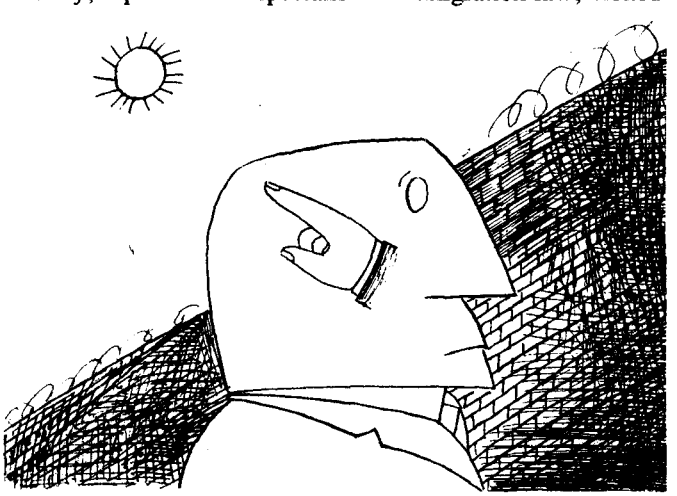
Jubilee pledged itself to find sponsors. As refugee groups of up to twenty-five persons at a time arrived on the twenty-six-acre site graced with woods and lakes, the "partners" developed a flexible program of education to ease the transition to a new culture. Partners taught English, grocery shopping, and money exchanging skills. They took the newcomers on field trips: to the local police station where officers were friendly enough to help them overcome deep fears of armed police; to nearby farms and small businesses; and to the health clinic. Eventually, each of these refugees found a permanent home, and most found employment as well. Legality itself posed no obstacle at this time.

The situation changed in 1982. Even as Jubilee Partners hammered away to construct a welcome center of residential cottages, classrooms, and a thrift store, refugees from Central America — particularly from El Salvador and Guatemala — flooded across the Rio Grande River into Texas.

But Jubilee's successful two-year pattern of extending to refugees hospitality, education, and sponsors no longer seemed plausible. In the case of refugees from Guatemala and El Salvador, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) required more than it had of the "boat peoples." Now, to obtain political asylum, each refugee had to prove the precise political nature of his or her reasons for departure. Stories of tortured or murdered relatives and neighbors; rape at the hands of military (whether army or rebel); evidence of bodily injury; and episodes recounted of personal danger could not, in most cases, be documented to the satisfaction of the INS. Since these refugees had wound their way north through other countries, notably Mexico, en route to the U.S., INS chose to assume that economic opportunity rather than political necessity had motivated their migration. This assumption accounts for over forty thousand Salvadoran deportees since 1980.

At this juncture, Jubilee, now supported by growing numbers of local townspeople, might have joined the newly-formed "sanctuary movement" in order to grant privately the asylum denied to Salvadoran and Guatemalan refugees by the U.S. government. Yet, despite their whole-hearted support of that movement, Jubilee conceived a different plan, one resembling the Underground Railroad devised during the Civil War period to help runaway slaves from the South reach free states in the North.

Don Mosley, a co-founder of Jubilee Partners, and Eric Drewry, a partner and specialist in immigration law, visited



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the Rio Grande Valley in 1982 to assess the refugee situation. Upon their return to Georgia, they approached a possible sponsor — the Canadian government. In retrospect, it was an obvious choice: a shared border with the U.S.; a sparse population in proportion to its land; a high enough standard of living to absorb immigrants in the long run, despite the currently high rate of unemployment; and humanitarian concern. Mosley and Drewry met with the Canadian consul in Atlanta. They discussed what role Jubilee might play to facilitate immigration to Canada for Salvadorans and Guatemalans. The result came to be known as the *Año de Jubileo* program.

Under this agreement, Jubilee agreed to find, prepare, and recommend Central American refugees for citizenship in Canada. The partners would even provide transportation there. The immediate task facing Jubilee was to ensure, as much as was possible, that the Canadian consul would approve the refugees once they arrived at the community in Georgia. This approval would be a primary factor in enlisting the cooperation of the INS, without which the likely consequences for the refugees would be arrest, detention, and/or deportation. Prospective refugees for the *Año de Jubileo* program would have to be screened in Texas with the Canadian criteria in mind: families preferred; no persons with strong activist or political involvements; no one convicted of criminal acts.

In a process going on since 1983, every two months a large repainted school bus from Jubilee heads for the Texas valley to pick up a load of refugees who will ride the thirty hours to Comer, Georgia. Jubilee recently completed its nineteenth trip, accommodating in three years over five hundred Central Americans headed for Canada.

Although the INS officials in Atlanta approve of Jubilee's efforts, agents in Texas show less regard. Before each of the first three trips, the Central Americans asked the Texas agents for "travel papers," as a precaution for getting through the checkpoints stationed along the road leading away from the Rio Grande Valley. But when several refugees were arrested in the INS office as they requested the papers, Jubilee decided never to try this procedure again.

Jubilee raised the necessary bail money to obtain the release of the arrested group members, and established the "Paul and Silas Revolving Fund" — a fund that can be used over and over because bail money is returned to Jubilee once the refugees reach Canada.

Predictably, as tensions over the political instability of El Salvador and Guatemala have mounted in the U.S., relations with immigration officials have increased in complexity. Since Texas INS refuses to process applications for asylum filed by Jubilee's hand-picked families, the applications must be mailed to the Atlanta office. This more roundabout process provides a paper-thin shield against deportation; a carbon copy is all that can be shown at the checkpoints if trouble arises. Still, out of nineteen bus trips, only two buses have ever been stopped for questioning.

The last leg of the emigrants' long journey takes place two months after their arrival at Jubilee. After being screened again, this time by the Canadian consul, the refugees wait for clearance from Canada. Then the bus takes these future Canadians all the way to Toronto.

In the future, the Jubilee program may become a victim of its own success. Canada's quota of immigrants from Latin America is limited, despite recent trends: 1000-person ceiling in 1982; 2000 in 1983; 2500 in 1984; 3000 in 1985; slightly higher in 1986. Even so, the demand for permanent sanctuary for Salvadorans and Guatemalans exceeds the supply of available places.

If the U.S. Congress were to pass the Moakley-DeConcini Bill which calls for voluntary departure status to end the deportation of Salvadoran refugees (Guatemalans are not mentioned), to give one example of legislation now pending, Jubilee could curtail its international taxi service and devote itself to teaching and finding American sponsors just as it did in the past for the "boat people." Meanwhile, Jubilee is trying to secure sponsors in other countries besides Canada. Spain and the Netherlands are the most promising prospects to date.

KAREN SUE SMITH

(Karen Sue Smith is an assistant editor of Commonweal.)

Of several minds: *David R. Carlin, Jr.*

ETIQUETTE OF IGNORANCE

SECTARIANS & FOREIGN POLICY

ONE OF THE odd by-products of the attachment we Americans have to the principle of separation of church and state is a widespread ignorance of the content of one another's religion. It's as though we feel that inquiries into our neighbors' religious beliefs and practices are as unseemly as opening their mail, both the one and the other, after all, being none of our business. In the case of religion, what better way of respecting another's privacy than by a strict curtailment of extra-denominational curiosity?

This polite incuriosity spills over from the man and woman in the pew to the academic world, where, despite the obvious fact that it is virtually impossible to understand America without understanding the vital role that religion has played and still does play in American life, the sociology and the history of religion are disciplines which have attracted only very middling amounts of prestige and attention. And in the world of journalistic social commentators, virtually no one (except George F. Will, when the high Anglican mood is upon him) would

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dream of explaining social and political events in terms of religious factors.

One of the prices we pay for this voluntary ignorance is that we deprive ourselves of the armory of concepts developed by those who study the social and psychological aspects of religion. Among these is the concept of the *sect*, which has performed useful service ever since it was first pressed into action early in the century by those formidable Germans, Max Weber and Ernst Troeltsch.

In the twentieth century, beginning first in Europe but spreading gradually over much of the earth's surface, the sectarian impulse, which in earlier times had manifested itself in religious form, has taken on a political form. In the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries, those in the grip of the sectarian spirit called themselves Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, etc. But in more recent times the world's most conspicuous sectarians have called themselves Bolsheviks, Khmer Rouge, Sandinistas, etc.

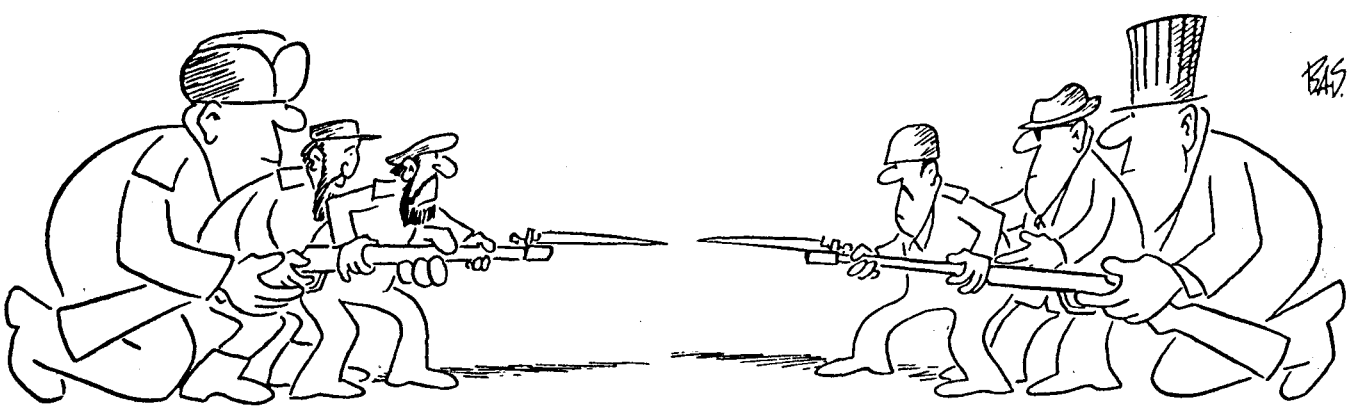
Now, to describe a political party or a single-party state as a sect is not a way of heaping abuse on it but a way of giving a sober and more or less precise description of it. In its pure form a sect is small; it draws sharp boundary lines between itself and the outside world; its members are converts recruited from socially marginalized groups; their commitment to the sect in terms of time, money, and energy is extraordinarily high; membership standards are very rigorous, and a failure to live up to them can result in excommunication; with one notable exception, an egalitarian atmosphere pervades the sect — the great exception being the charismatic founder, the one called by God (or by History, the political sect's common equivalent to God) to bring the saving message to humanity.

One characteristic of sects should especially be borne in mind by those who want to apply the concept, as I think we profitably can, to politics. The sect believes it has a monopoly on truth and a near-monopoly on virtue. It is God's (or History's) chosen people, and outside of it there is no salvation. Beyond its boundaries lies the realm of Satan (or capitalism-imperialism), where are to be found not only the old pagans, against whom the message of salvation was initially directed, but the new heretics as well, former children of light who have been corrupted by Satan yet pretend still to be bearers of the true faith. Such heretics are, if anything, worse than the old pagans; for the offense of the latter is mitigated by their relative ignorance and by the inevitability of their eventual demise, while that of the heretics is aggravated by their having perversely extinguished the light they once possessed.

From all this certain practical rules for Americans follow. (1) It is pointless for the United States to try to befriend political sects who define "capitalism-imperialism" as the world's great evil; for in their eyes the U.S. is the devil, never to be trusted, even when bearing gifts. (2) It is equally pointless for us to fear that the leftist sects of the world will form some sort of grand coalition against us, since their natural tendency is a centrifugal one, an attitude toward one another compounded of mistrust and hostility. (3) This attitude makes it relatively easy for us to adopt, not quite perhaps, a policy of "divide and conquer," but at least a policy of "divide and keep divided." (4) We should refrain from actions that undermine such a divisive policy by causing sectarian regimes to fear us more than they hate one another, thus throwing them into one another's arms.

Let's apply this to a concrete case, that of the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua. The above analysis offers scant support for the Reagan administration's position that the U.S. must back the *contras* lest the plague of Latin American totalitarianism get out of hand and creep toward the Rio Grande. Leave the Sandinistas alone and they'll start fighting among themselves. And even if, as seems unlikely, a domino effect occurs — Nicaragua today, El Salvador tomorrow, Guatemala the day after — the rival sects will soon fall out with one another; provided, that is, that the U.S. doesn't cement them and their Cuban and Russian friends together by opposing them *en bloc* instead of encouraging them to pick fights with one another. Neither the American republic nor freedom in the world will be greatly jeopardized if two or three squabbling sectarian states appear on the Central American scene, which is a worse-case scenario.

Yet the analysis offers even less support to pro-Sandinista Americans, who imagine that Daniel Ortega and Co. would soon merit an ACLU seal of approval if only Reagan would leave them alone to carry out their benign social welfare program. As political sectarians go, the Sandinistas don't seem half bad, certainly nothing like the Khmer Rouge. But though I, too, wish Rĕagan would leave them alone, it's worth keeping in mind that they are political sectarians; and as such, whether he leaves them alone or not, they have a powerful hankering after totalitarian ways. DAVID R. CARLIN, JR.



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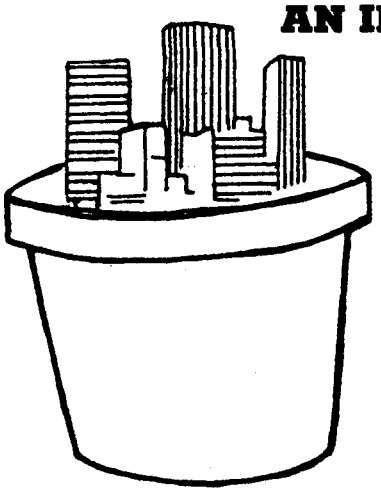

In defense of managed integration

J. S. FUERST & ROY PETTY

MORE THAN THREE DECADES after the Supreme Court rejected legal segregation in schooling, more than two decades after the passage of the Civil Rights Act, indeed at the very moment when the life and dream of Martin Luther King, Jr., has come to be officially memorialized by a national holiday, the United States is still debating the issue of racial integration — not only how to achieve it, but whether it is worth achieving at all.

The debate today involves more than racial prejudice, although that remains an important factor. It involves questions of high principle as well as everyday practicality. It has pitted against one another ideals that have long appeared complementary, like racial integration and racial equality. It has divided whites and blacks, liberals and conservatives, civil rights activists and constitutional thinkers in ways that are new and often puzzling.

Today's debate over integration has erupted at the national level, in President Reagan's appointments to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, in the Justice Department's attacks on established affirmative action programs for municipal hiring, in the White House's reconsideration of federal hiring policy. But the debate is taking place at the local level as well, in battles being waged in neighborhoods, schools, colleges, and workplaces throughout the country.

Consider the case of Starrett City. Starrett City is a ten-year-old apartment development in Brooklyn for low- and moderate-income New Yorkers. It boasts nearly six thousand apartments in forty-six buildings. It also boasts a reputation as a stable, pleasant community, well-managed and racially integrated.

That achievement, its developers say, is in large part owed to a long-established policy of careful racial balance. About two-thirds of its tenants are white, one-fifth are black, and the remainder are Hispanic or Oriental. These proportions have been maintained deliberately for some years in the belief that increasing the proportion of minority tenants, notably of blacks, would cause white tenants (and some blacks) to leave; and before long, stability, maintenance, management, and the quality of life in general would almost certainly decline. In social scientists' jargon, this phenomenon is referred to as "white flight" from a housing project (or neighborhood, or school system) after a "tipping point" has been reached. It may be shameful but it is a reality, and the result is resegregation.

At Starrett City, the problem is that minority applicants for apartments far outnumber white applicants, and for a very good reason. Decent housing opportunities for low- and moderate-income blacks and Hispanics in New York, as elsewhere, are severely limited. Since Starrett City's policy of deliberate racial balance makes this greater number of minority applicants eligible for a smaller pool of apartments, obviously minority families must be on the waiting list considerably longer.

The legal challenge to Starrett City's policy was full of ironies. The civil-rights groups whose lawyers mounted the challenge must have known that if they won the case Starrett City was likely to become resegregated. Such an outcome, furthermore, was against the wishes of the current black residents. A survey showed that when asked what they would do if a substantial number of additional black families were permitted to move into Starrett City, 40 percent of the present black tenants replied that they would move out. A majority of the current black tenants said they preferred the present system of maintaining integration by a policy of quotas. Even more ironic was the fact that Starrett City's defense of its quota system was argued by the prominent New York attorney Morris Abrams. Abrams, best known these days as a Reagan appointee to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, ordinarily proclaims the view that racial quotas of any kind, no matter how benign or for what purpose, are morally and legally

J.S.FUERST *is a professor of social welfare policy at the School of Social Work at Loyola University of Chicago.*

ROY PETTY *is a civil rights lawyer working for a non-profit public interest agency in Chicago.*

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repugnant. What was he doing defending quotas in the Starrett City suit? A familiar lawyerly explanation: "Business is business."

The Starrett City controversy essentially ended in a "draw" which meant, as in any split decision, a victory for the status quo. A complex consent decree called for a very gradual, small increase in the number of minority tenants in Starrett City and a somewhat larger increase in other projects funded by the New York State Housing Agency. In short, the court concurred in Starrett City's deliberate practice of racial balancing.

This one local example shows how complicated the debate over racial integration has become. There are not two contending approaches but at least three. One of these opposes preferences or policies, of any kind, for any reason, that differentiate between people on the basis of race. Period. This position insists each person ought to be judged solely on his or her own merits and not on any extraneous facts, such as membership in a racial group. This position also appeals for support to the Constitution generally, to the Fourteenth Amendment, and to the Civil Rights Act as outlawing all legal distinctions based on race. Associated with President Reagan and with current Civil Rights Commissioners like Abrams (when he is not lawyering for someone else), this point of view probably found its most vigorous and articulate defender in the late Alexander Bickel of Yale Law School. Bickel found the idea of using the Constitution's guarantees of racial equality to justify any policies involving distinctions on the basis of race to be illogical and improper, and he said so in no uncertain terms:

> The lesson of the great decisions of the Supreme Court and the lesson of contemporary history have been the same for at least a generation: discrimination on the basis of race is illegal, immoral, unconstitutional, inherently wrong, and destructive of democratic society. Now this is to be unlearned and we are told that this is not a matter of fundamental principle but only a matter of whose ox is gored. Those for whom racial equality was demanded are to be more equal than others. Having found support in the Constitution for equality, they now claim support for inequality under the same Constitution.

Bickel's eloquence was obviously directed against the supporters of a second approach, identified by the terms of "affirmative action" or in a different context, "positive quotas." The "pure" and "color-blind" view of Bickel and others may be persuasive in theory, they would argue, but the sheltered confines of Yale's Law School are not exactly a good vantage point from which to observe reality. To claim that racially based preferences will make blacks "more equal than others" is, in their estimation, absurd. What is more, college admissions, job placements, and even housing preferments have long been made on grounds other than individual merit or first come, first served when larger social purposes were at stake. Fundamentally, they argue, the purpose of quotas or affirmative action plans is to create equality, not inequality; to counterbalance other forces, for example, that have effectively barred blacks from jobs or opportunities for higher education they were otherwise qualified for. Imposition of affirmative action plans or quotas serves the purpose, not of making blacks "more equal," but of approximating true, functional equality. As Lyndon B. Johnson declared in his famous 1965 speech at Howard University: "You don't take a person who has been for years hobbled by chains and liberate him by bringing him up to the starting line of a race and saying, 'You're free to compete,' and then believe you have been fair."

THE CASE for policies involving racially based distinctions becomes more troublesome, however, when one moves from the typical affirmative action controversies in areas like employment or college admissions to instances like Starrett City. In employment or admissions cases, affirmative action or quotas operate to increase the number of minority individuals. In housing and neighborhood controversies, and in some school desegregation plans, preferences based on race are intended — because of the inexorable tendency toward white flight and resegregation — to limit minority presence. Both affirmative action and managed integration may involve, at times, the use of quotas in the name of integration. But one does so to increase minority representation, the other to restrain it. That difference makes the issue much tougher.

The debate over racial integration, then, divides not only those who would argue that public policy has to be totally "color blind" from those who say realism demands some racially based considerations to remedy what President Johnson called "the scars of centuries." It also divides those who would limit racial considerations to affirmative action from those who would support managed integration. The resulting alliances are sometimes surprising.

A large portion of the support for "color blind" policies, for example, comes from people who are neither beset by constitutional scruples nor worried about promoting equal protection under the laws but who are simply interested in preventing blacks from moving in across the street, sending their children to previously all-white schools, or taking jobs once reserved exclusively for whites. Another portion comes from archconservatives who view judicial or legislative intervention in the design or management of any institution as unconscionable meddling.

There is another group that swings between affirming "color blind" policies in some circumstances and supporting the use of race-conscious categories or quotas in other circumstances. These liberal and minority leaders approve racial considerations for purposes of affirmative action in hiring and college admissions, but they protest such considerations when used for purposes of managed integration. In this camp, for instance, one finds the lawyers from the NAACP and other civil rights groups that challenged the policies at Starrett City. They are joined by a number of black activists who have concluded that racial integration is neither achievable nor particularly desirable. Consequently, these outspoken leaders place first priority on expanding housing, employment, and educational opportunities for blacks, regardless of the impact on segregation. They maintain that large segments of the country's black population who now live in all-black com-

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munities wish to do so, and certainly have that right. Often, such leaders suspect that efforts at managed integration are in fact racist in origin, intended to dilute the power that could arise from black concentrations of population.

For all their distrust of managed integration, however, many such leaders are apt to be firmly supportive of affirmative action and dismissive of Reagan administration pretensions to "color blindness." Not so a growing number of black conservatives, such as Thomas Sowell, Walter Williams, and others. On a more philosophical level, they argue that the basic premise of integration is not only incorrect in some respects but downright racist in its implications. That premise, articulated by the Supreme Court in *Brown v. Board of Education,* says that a schoolroom or community containing only blacks will not measure up to one in which whites are also present.

The critics' point is well taken. There is a danger of reading *Brown v. Board of Education*'s rejection of the old doctrine of separate but equal as a paternalistic and inaccurate claim that excellent all-black schools and stable, desirable all-black neighborhoods are simply not possible. The historical evidence, of course, is otherwise; and given the prospects for continuing educational and residential segregation well into the future, the growing interest in successful all-black schools and neighborhoods is understandable. No inference should be made that it is impossible for all-black neighborhoods and schools to be good. On the contrary, a number of black communities in urban and suburban areas have become excellent places to live. Many all-black urban schools, without any fanfare, have become (or were in the past) superior facilities thanks to dedicated faculty and active parents' groups. These examples should be honored and imitated, not ignored or, worse, disparaged. Most blacks may not be so fortunate, but certainly we need a great emphasis on providing better services to all-black neighborhoods and schools.

Furthermore, it is undeniably true that a great many blacks are no more enamored of integration than their white counterparts. Their interest is in getting good housing, good jobs, and good services, whether the setting is integrated or not. But it is precisely this interest in concrete improvements that leads many black families to prefer life in an integrated setting rather than a segregated one. Where whites live, the schools are apt to be better, the garbage gets picked up, apartments are available and well-maintained. The reasons are immensely complex and involve a couple of centuries of history, but the reality is known to every objective urban dweller. As two black women from a once-integrated south shore neighborhood of Chicago told a reporter for the *Sun-Times* a few years ago, "With integration we have good schools with innovative and progressive programs. If white families move out — and they will, if too many black families move in — tradesmen and professional services move out, schools deteriorate, and city services in the areas become nonexistent."

It is true that the situation for all-black areas or schools may — and should — improve; but for now and for some time to come, upward-striving black families either want to move into integrated neighborhoods or send their children to stable, racially integrated schools.

This realistic down-to-earth view may well be the best place to enter the current debate about the value of integration and whether it is a good idea to maintain it, at least in some circumstances, by the use of deliberate limits on minority presence. There is a very strong case for managed integration. It begins with this practical perception of why integration is important. But it also rests on three other perceptions: first, that integration is possible; second, that integration is fragile; third, that we have the capacity, as communities and administrators, to make prudent, flexible judgments.

IF INTEGRATION were not even a realistic possibility, as some discouraged black leaders have come to believe, then the minority families kept out of neighborhoods or housing developments in the name of managed integration would be, in effect, casualties in a futile war. There is, however, evidence that integration can occur, at least with the support of people of good will. The phenomenon may not be common but it is not rare, either. The success of gradual but affirmative approaches to integration is evident in Project Concern, a voluntary suburban school integration program outside of Hartford, Connecticut, developed by establishment executives some fifteen years ago. (Under the program, suburban schools accepted minority youngsters from Hartford up to somewhere between 3 and 8 percent of their school populations; at least four of these once lily-white suburbs have between 5 to 20 percent black residents). Other evidence of successful integration can be found in the substantial black populations in suburban communities like Oak Park, Evanston, and Park Forest, near Chicago; Shaker Heights and Cleveland Heights, near Cleveland; and University City, near St. Louis, to name only a few. A survey of 700 residential neighborhoods by Dr. Richard Obermann of the Cleveland Heights Community Congress found seventy-four areas — more than 10 percent — containing white and black families, where at least 5 percent of the population was black.

A particularly interesting example of housing integration is found in Calumet Park, a blue-collar suburb of Chicago. This area has managed to maintain for some years a population that is 45 percent white, 25 to 30 percent black, with the balance Hispanic and other races, and to do so with no concentration of minorities in any one block or area. The town's leaders have not attempted to use "quotas," per se, but instead have resorted to keeping pressure on banks and real estate firms, and to encouraging "benign steering" of potential new residents as much as possible. They have also urged private landlords to maintain racially balanced rental buildings. They conduct tough housing inspections, and require certification of every vacant apartment so that housing quality does not deteriorate. They monitor all real estate transactions, and they maintain high quality infrastructure, services, and schools.

Yet as reported in a *Commonweal* article on Calumet Park [June 19, 1982], many residents believe there is instability, and that unless the town adopts a strict ordinance mandating racial balance, Calumet Park's whites may someday move out

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In every case except one, the Court voted against rigid quotas, not quotas in general.

and be replaced by an all-black population. Neither whites nor blacks view this prospect as a tragedy, but most whites and many blacks prefer the village the way it is now. The same kinds of fears have been expressed in Bloomfield, Connecticut, adjacent to Hartford, where a growing pattern of housing integration and the voluntary school integration mentioned above have brought about a well-integrated middle-class community; parallel fears haunt "stable" integrated areas such as Evanston and Oak Park in the suburbs of Chicago.

Integration has also worked in subsidized housing projects, but not without similar concerns. Managers of hundreds of housing projects around the country quietly but deliberately use race-conscious techniques to maintain integration, although they are reluctant to admit doing so. (We have written about the pressures they face in "How Much Due Process Is Enough?" *The Public Interest*, Spring 1985.)

THE REALITY, then, at least in urban housing and perhaps in other situations as well, is that integration can work but that it is a fragile condition, one that occurs "naturally" on an infrequent basis. Again and again successful integration must withstand the threats of white flight and consequent resegregation.

Take the particularly tragic example of Rochdale Village, a Long Island, New York, cooperative housing development. The builders carefully marketed the co-ops to achieve a good balance between black and white families. Central to the success of the plan were good local schools with equally good racial balance, and at first the schools were in fact very good. Eventually, however, the school district insisted on redrawing school attendance boundaries in order to relieve pressure on other neighboring schools with concentrations of black and economically underprivileged children. A great many children from adjacent black neighborhoods began attending the Rochdale Village schools; that influx, combined with tensions aroused by a long and bitter schoolteachers' strike, eventually led to a mass exodus of white families and a deterioration of the model Rochdale cooperative.

Similar events occurred in the Chicago suburb of Harvey, Illinois, which had been successfully integrated for generations. The Cook County Department of Public Aid began moving inner-city black families with multiple social problems into apartment buildings in Harvey; that event — exacerbated by widespread block-busting by real-estate agencies — destabilized the community's integration, and longtime residents, both white and black, began moving out in droves. Tom Pearson, a white businessman who grew up in Harvey, remembers the change with bitterness: "We had realtors who told us 'quotas' and 'balanced housing' were discriminatory and that the Fourteenth Amendment demanded that we allow black families to move in without limit. When we did it, this is what happened, and who were the first people to leave? Our black friends who said they could not stand the riff-raff."

The same thing happened in the Chicago Housing Authority, where one of the authors worked from 1946 to 1954 when the authority was under the far-sighted leadership of Elizabeth Wood. In spite of the racial segregation that existed in the city generally at that time, the CHA successfully integrated a number of housing developments, particularly the "temporary" veterans' housing projects built after the war. The staff believed blacks and whites could and should live together, yet recognized that if too many blacks moved into any one project, the whites would move out and resegregation would occur. Thus, in the integrated developments, black tenancy was limited to about 20 percent. These "quotas" were flexible; it was made clear that they were temporary and frequently subject to review. Some of the most successful integrated developments were located in all-white neighborhoods — Ashburn Homes on the southwest side, Sauganash Homes on the northwest side, LeClaire Courts on the far west side, and Frances Cabrini on the near-north side.

But Elizabeth Wood, whose policies were considered pro-black, was replaced in 1955 with General William Kean. Kean had the "temporary" veterans' projects torn down, eliminating those integrated developments; and he then instituted a "color-blind," first-come, first-served policy for admitting tenants to CHA developments. The limits on black tenancy at LeClaire Courts and Cabrini were both lifted, more blacks moved in, and the whites fled. Almost overnight LeClaire Courts and Frances Cabrini changed from integrated developments in all-white areas to all-black developments, which had a ripple effect on local schools and the surrounding neighborhoods. In the case of Cabrini, it seriously limited the development of the near-north side of Chicago on an interracial basis. Within a decade the CHA projects became completely segregated. A major concomitant of the resegregation of the CHA, as any long-term resident will testify, was a serious decline in maintenance and services, severe deterioration of the quality of existing housing stock, and a virtual end to any construction of desperately needed new public housing.

Thus, the concepts of white flight, resegregation, and subsequent deterioration of housing quality are not merely theories. They are long-established and oft-demonstrated facts. These phenomena in the area of housing underscore the more general truth that white citizens, by and large, have not voluntarily shared their neighborhoods, schools, jobs, or anything else with black citizens; and that for a complex array of largely disgraceful historical and social reasons, black citizens on the whole have wound up with the short end of the stick.

If it is a matter of down-to-earth reality that separate is not likely to be equal on any large scale in this country, it is also a matter of reality that integration is likely to be achieved and

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maintained only as a result of careful management. Where that managed balance ends, resegregation occurs, conditions deteriorate rapidly, and often many people are worse off than before. If carried to its ultimate, this trend can again lead to a black versus white society — the kind of apartheid that existed before the 1950s.

NONE OF THESE considerations completely eliminates the objections mentioned earlier. Defenders of affirmative action in other contexts find themselves troubled by the subjugation of individual rights to community goals in the course of managed integration. They worry that "benign" quotas may not turn out to be all that benign in the long run. Conservative scholars such as Rodney Smolla manage to find that all integration maintenance plans are *per se* unconstitutional. Some black activists ask why they, of all people, should be expected to shoulder any share of the burdens of integration.

Such criticisms — for the most part — raise questions which have proved more valid in appearance then reality. Ultimately, the courts have had to deal with those questions on a case-by-case basis; and after close scrutiny of each factual setting, the federal courts have, over the past decade or more, generally upheld quota-based integration maintenance plans.

In *Shannon v. HUD*, for example the Third Circuit Court of Appeals held in 1970 that neighborhood racial stability could and should be considered in deciding whether a subsidized housing project, Fairmount Manor, could be built in an integrated neighborhood in Philadelphia.

Otero v. New York City Housing Authority in 1973 followed the same pattern, though it was a much more complex and difficult case. In *Otero*, the plaintiffs were former residents of a low-income New York area who had been relocated in order to permit a new housing development to be built. When completed, only a third of the former area residents who applied were given apartments; the other units went to white residents of an adjacent neighborhood, who had been consciously selected to maintain a better racial balance in the area. The court held, as in *Shannon*, that racial balance was an important criterion to consider, though not the only one.

"It would be ironic," the court said, "if by granting the validity of the priority claims of the original black residents and giving them better housing, we should put them back in a resegregated neighborhood. Prevention of resegregation is most important." To meet that goal, the court concluded, the city housing authority had broad discretion to use whatever tools were necessary.

One of the clearest decisions evidencing court recognition of the need for racial balance in housing was *King v. Harris*, a 1979 New York case over a low-income housing project called Tenhill, which HUD had recommended for an area in Staten Island. The neighborhood in which Tenhill was to be built was already filled with a large number of low-income public housing units and a large black population. From 1970 to 1979, the percentage of black, very low-income families and welfare families had constantly increased, and the neighborhood had experienced rapid deterioration. The area's residents believed that the neighborhood was racially balanced, but that any further increase in the number of low-income families (most likely to be blacks) in public housing projects would create an intolerable situation for both black and white residents. The court agreed, and even proposed guidelines for defining a "tipping point." (See box.)

School integration cases provide equally good support for the concept of managed integration. That principle was fully accepted, for example, in the Queens, New York, case of Andrew Jackson High School, where a concentration of black students had been justified on the grounds that dispersing them to other schools in the area would have precipitated white flight and resegregation. Judge Gurfein of the appellate court argued, "The plan is intended to preserve integration in as many schools as possible even though it prevents certain black children from attending schools of their choice. From the point of view of the black community, the understandable anguish of the black parents whose children must remain in segregated schools like Andrew Jackson must be considered alongside of the anguish of black parents whose children may be deprived of the benefit of attendance at relatively integrated schools if white flight is not checked."

A case that was a mirror-image of the Andrew Jackson situation; but was also parallel in some respects, occurred in Chicago, with a similar decision reached by the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals in the same year. To combat white flight, the city school board drew up a plan under which no more than 48 percent of the students at either of two south-side high schools could be black. The students told to transfer to other high schools and their parents brought suit; but both the district court and the court of appeals ruled against them: "The plaintiff has maintained that racial quotas were unnecessary. We find otherwise. We think that without quotas the schools would have become segregated; and a compelling interest was preservation of integration and relieving of overcrowding."

Both these school cases underline the difficult issues that can arise when an attempt is made to achieve integration in an

"We do not view the ability to integrate as a one-way street," the court said in *King v. Harris*, "limited to introducing nonwhites into a predominantly white area. The authority is obligated to take affirmative action to promote racial integration even though this may in some instances not operate for the advantage of nonwhite persons. For the purposes of this litigation, the 'tipping point' of a community is that point at which a set of conditions has been created that will lead to the rapid flight of an existing majority class under circumstances of instability which result in the deterioration of the neighborhood environment. The criteria to determine whether an area has reached or is reaching this point are (1) the gross number of minority families; (2) the quality of community services and facilities: and (3) the attitude of majority group residents who might be persuaded by subjective reaction into leaving."

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Managed integration involves prudence and policy rather than fixed right.

urban setting. As Kenneth Clark, the psychologist whose research was pivotal in the original *Brown v. Board of Education* case, has said, "How can we have a nonracial selection in a society that is so racial?"

Critics of quotas — and of managed integration — may try to take comfort in a number of U.S. Supreme Court decisions; but in fact the Court, up to now, has in every instance except one voted against *rigid* quotas as distinguished from quotas in general. It was that issue which clouded the *Bakke, Swann v. Charlotte-Mecklenburg,* and *U.S. v. Beer* cases. The Supreme Court did not feel that racial preferences were per se improper, but they have continued to express dismay over the *rigidity* of fixed quotas which in *Bakke* required absolutely and without exception that 16 percent of each medical school class at the University of California at Davis must be minority members.

(The exception among the Supreme Court cases is *Firefighters Local Union No. 1784 v. Stotts*. The Reagan administration, through a wildly inaccurate and thoroughly unprincipled reading of this decision, has launched a campaign to end quota-based relief in major employment discrimination cases all around the country. Yet *every* federal court that has weighed the argument thus far — not to mention many mayors of all political persuasions — has rejected the Justice Department's position in no uncertain terms.)

But the question of rigidity is, in a sense, a straw man. Any sensitive administrator must recognize that racial balance, to be successful, must be flexible. A quota must be different at different times, different places, and for different people. For example, in a 500-unit housing development where there was a theoretical tipping point of 30 percent minorities, how would the quota work if a vacancy occurred after the limit of 150 minority resident families had been reached, and an eligible black family applied? A quota should properly function not as a red light, but as a yellow light; depending on the family, the location, and the particular circumstances at the time, an applicant might or might not be admitted.

Racial balances will not be the same at one time as another, or in one setting as another. In one Chicago neighborhood, for example, the maximum minority residency that will remain stable may be only 5 to 10 percent; while in Hyde Park, where integration has been the rule for forty years, minority residency may be much higher. Further, racial balance will not be the same in employment, schools, or in housing even in the same area. In the Bogen area on the southwest side of Chicago, for example, a store or factory may have 50 percent black employees; a school may have 20 percent black students; but a housing development may be able to have no more than 5 to 10 percent black residents, at present, before an exodus of whites would begin. The levels of successful integration may, in addition, be much different in twenty or thirty years from what they are now. Added to these variables is the problem of different perceptions of what constitutes racial balance between blacks and whites: many blacks may feel that a neighborhood with 50 percent black residents is balanced, while whites may feel that 20 percent black residents in the same neighborhood would be too much, beyond the "tipping point" for resegregation.

Flexibility may also be required in deciding which areas should be integrated by design and which methods should be employed. One method, not necessarily salutary, is simply economic: where homes are expensive, many blacks will be excluded because they cannot afford to live there. Another determinant is the current racial composition of an area. Where a community is presently all-black, it probably should remain so in most cases, with extensive improvements in services and facilities if necessary. Where an all-black community is adjacent to an all-white area, it may well be that managed integration on both sides of the color line can be effective sociologically as well as politically. Where a community is an all-white suburb or fringe area, chances are that it should be integrated on a carefully "managed" basis.

Obviously flexibility implies that someone enjoys a latitude of judgment. Here arises one of the strongest objections not only to the uses of quotas in affirmative action but even more so to their use in managed integration. Even if they are not undemocratic in principle, in practice could they be successfully administered only by "philosopher-kings," of whom our society — and notably our local, state, and federal governments — are in rather short supply? This is the crux of the issue. The answer will rest on one's judgment of the practical possibilities of citizen participation for negotiating agreements between minorities and whites in each community; of the capacities of local officials and housing managers to make generally sound — not necessarily perfect — decisions; of the willingness and skill of courts and legislatures to watch over the process and set sensible guidelines within which discretionary judgments must be exercised. Managed integration involves political decisions, i.e., matters of prudence and policy rather than of fixed "right." That requires some confidence in our political and administrative processes and institutions, however imperfect they may be at times.

But the case for managed integration also rests on a recognition of how limited our options are. If we are ever to achieve our national goal of a "color-blind" society, can it ever be accomplished except through a policy that recognizes that racial balance and managed integration are necessary at least in some places and for some time to come? Justice Harry Blackmun effectively replied when he wisely observed in his dissent in the 1978 *Bakke* case: "In order to get beyond racism, we must first take account of race. There is no other way."

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Under the Peruvian volcano

ERNEST W. RANLY

THE WHOLE WORLD is watching Peru's new young dashing president, Alan García Pérez. His stellar performance at the United Nations was upstaged only by his address to the World Food Organization in Rome. No one is watching García more closely than we in Peru. He remains quite creditable to date for the honesty he has demonstrated in talking publicly about Peru's very serious problems.

One problem is that of open terrorism/guerrilla warfare in some parts of the interior of Peru. García's government is trying to reassert civil, legal controls over what was rapidly becoming Peru's own dirty war.

Recently, I spent five days in the emergency zone of Ayacucho, Peru. For five years now the Maoist guerrilla force called "the Shining Path" *(Sendero Luminoso)* has been terrorizing a vast area of the Andean highlands. The government reacted at first with reinforced police protection, then with crack army divisions. The body count as of early 1985 was: 6000 dead; 2000 missing; thousands tortured and violated. (From the Peruvian Bishops' Commission for Social Action.)

What was I doing in Ayacucho? I kept asking myself the same question. Certainly my visit (and the same can be said of the pope's visit in February, 1985) did nothing to abate the terrible violence.

Where does the story begin? One part of the story should begin with Ayacucho itself. Much of the Department of Ayacucho, as the area is called, seems like bare, formidable, uninhabitable mountains. But deep in the interior are rich valleys at comfortable altitudes with a dry, pleasant climate.

The city of Ayacucho became a major Spanish colony as early as the sixteenth century. Rich families owned agricultural lands in the valleys and homes in the city. Each family home *(hacienda)* had its own church, so that Ayacucho is still famous for its thirty-three churches. The *haciendas* were worked by the local indigenous peoples, often referred to simply as "Indians." They spoke Quechua, a language and a culture rich in meaning, in community living, in handicrafts, in dance and in song.

The respected Jesuit anthropologist Manuel Marzal thinks that, over the centuries, Spanish Christianity has thoroughly penetrated and changed the original culture. What one finds today in the Peruvian Andes is a completely separate identified culture which, for all its pagan roots, is now a Christian/Catholic culture.

Peruvian independence, industrialization, and modern technology have barely affected the almost self-sufficient agricultural base of Ayacucho. Peru's governments never bothered to invest in the modernization of Ayacucho, nor in improvement of its schools, health services, or social communication. Consequently, the level of poverty approaches that of Bangladesh and sub-Saharan Africa.

Where does my personal story begin? That is hard to say. I was a college philosophy teacher during the decade of the turbulent sixties. Along with youthful idealists, I read the diaries of Che Guevara, followed the careers of the Castro brothers, tried to strategize with Regis Debray in *The Revolution in the Revolution*? (Grove, 1967). As a priest, I anguished over the decisions (and the death) of Camilo Torres.

But, personally, I heard another drum and tried to step to another beat. The pure truth of Gandhi's nonviolence as Christianized by Martin Luther King, Jr., James Douglass, and Cesar Chavez satisfied in me an intellectual need for integrity and a Christian need for commitment. But mine remained an academic nonviolence. I studied, I wrote, I taught, and I left the symbolic blood-pourings to Mike Cullen, the Berrigan brothers, and the like.

When student idealism cooled in the early seventies, my restlessness found a new direction in liberation theology. Latin America was saying that Christianity was first of all pastoral action (orthopraxis) and not simply formal intellectual truth (orthodoxy).

So in 1973 I packed away my philosophy books and spent the next ten years in full-time pastoral work in the very highest parts of the Central Andes of Peru, working with peasants and shepherds, but mostly with miners and workers.

On occasional home visits, some old friends of the "movement" would ask me: "How goes the revolution?" "Well," I replied. "I do know one little shepherd way back in the mountains who owns a shotgun; he hunts partridges and *vizcachas*, a type of ground squirrel." I saw no revolution in the making.

I became resigned to a certain kind of Christian existentialism/fatalism/mysticism. I saw everything become

FATHER ERNEST W. RANLY, *a priest of the Society of the Precious Blood and a philosophy professor at Saint Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Indiana, spent the past twelve years in Peru.*

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worse, but I felt that I had to truck along in a kind of Christian incarnationalism.

My family never could understand me. After three years they asked: "Haven't you about changed the world? When are you coming home?" They shook their heads in disbelief when I tried to explain that emotionally, politically, technically everything was worse with our people than when I arrived. And now twelve years later, such things as health, housing, jobs, and schooling have deteriorated.

Oh, the formation of church was always slowly, positively in the process of being born. We stayed faithfully with the people at the grassroots, at the *bases* as they say in Spanish, as those elusively titled basic Christian communities slowly took on form and structure.

One night I came in from far out in the country. After hitchhiking, I boarded a cold noisy old bus which brought me back to La Oroya. A Peruvian priest-friend had stopped over for the night. I found a few precious drops of Scotch and we sat by the open fire of the fireplace. He asked me how the pastoral work was going. "Well," I replied. "Tonight I came in by bus. There were twelve or fifteen people in the bus. I knew half of them personally. They all knew me. We talked and laughed all the way home. That is about the sum and substance of my apostolate."

I was still following nonviolence at a safe distance when I heard about the Argentinian reprisals and about the "disappeared." Adolfo Pérez Esquivel, who won the Nobel Peace Prize, set up international chapters of SERPAJ (Service for Peace and Justice). Another Peruvian priest-friend, Nephthalí Liceta became the Peruvian General Director of SERPAJ. I considered working with him.

Nephthalí came to visit me for several days in 1983. I took him on a long day's outing, up past a series of high mining camps, over a bare summit, and then down through a valley of sheep, cattle, llamas, and alpacas. At every human juncture we were well received; after all, I was their *"Padrecito."* Back home in La Oroya, Nephthali said: "I think you are genuinely working for peace and justice."

I watched Peru's military government (1968-80) inaugurate a new democratically elected constitutional government in 1980. The left made some dramatic displays of strength, although always internally divided. I watched church groups toy with different aspects of Marxism. I always found myself on the outside.

First of all, the intellectual shallowness of what was often pure sloganeering turned me off. Also, I saw no serious programs that could change the fate of our people working the mines. But mostly, I retained the intellectual ideals of nonviolence. I didn't want to think about what the actual consequences might mean of slogans such as: "Armed fight to the ultimate consequences!"

I heard about the academic disputes going on in many Peruvian universities, especially those in the provinces, such as Huancayo and Ayacucho. I heard that the major disputes were not about Marxism: that was a foregone conclusion. Nor were they about Maoism as such. The big arguments were over the precise type of Maoism which would be applicable to Peru.

I see now that my work in the mining area made me unsympathetic to what Peruvian Maoism might mean. My recent trip to Ayacucho helped me to understand better the physical-historical setting — what Peru's president meant at the World Food Organization (when he spoke about Peru's own geography serving as the basis for an agricultural solution to its economic problems).

Ayacucho until very recently was still feudal. The Agrarian Reform of the military government broke up the *haciendas* and began to raise the consciousness of the indigenous peasants, but these surface changes did not really equal the formation of a new moral consciousness at the grass roots.

The National University of San Cristobal of Huamanga in Ayacucho became the center of the new *conscientization*; the university of the "coffee klatches" became much more than "academic." Well-indoctrinated teachers went out to all parts teaching a pure Maoist ideology. Small cells of totally dedicated youth began to form military cadres. Their leader was (and is) a charismatic person with an Old Testament patriarch's name: Abimael Guzmán.

When the open violence began I was simply aghast, almost incredulous. I knew our own people of the peasant villages. I could not imagine how three or five or seven villagers could have been killed. Who held the wakes? I would ask myself. Did some priest say Masses for the dead? How did the mothers, the wives, the children react to all this?

But the reports continued, each story more gruesome than the next. The papers described some massacres. In January 1983, eight journalists went as a group to verify a particular massacre. They were all brutally killed by the local peasants using only sling shots, clubs, and primitive weapons.

By now "the Shining Path" of the Peruvian highlands made international news. The Peruvian government sent in its armed forces. Slowly the awful truth dawned on me. The Maoist revolutionary strategy I had so innocently studied was being replayed right here in Peru.

A general environment of terror is created. Dynamite explosions in front of public buildings become regular features. Bridges, railroads, and high-tension electric lines are destroyed. Towns and major cities — even Lima — have frequent blackouts. The military arrive in force. They are sniped at, ambushed, demoralized. Far back into the mountains, a small armed band comes upon

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an isolated peasant village. They hold all-day, all-night classes in consciousness-raising; attendance and compliance are obligatory. Especially the youth are easily converted and conscripted into the revolutionary movement. There is the strictest possible internal discipline.

The phenomenon of mass unmarked graves passed without official recognition for almost two years. Only recently has García's own government openly admitted that the armed forces have been responsible for some grisly massacres of peasants, including old women and children. García promises complete investigation and sanctions for all guilty parties.

The armed forces do hear about the Senderista presence in the village. Who informs the police? The Senderistas perform summary executions of all "squealers" *(soplones)*. The army arrives. Secretly, unknown to the villagers themselves, insurrectionists return and kill a few army troops. A general shoot-out ensues. Some peasants are killed. The army is sure it has identified the Senderista leaders in the village. They are taken off and "disappear." Weeks later common graves are uncovered of twenty . . . thirty . . . fifty . . . mutilated, tortured cadavers. Families come to see if their own "missing" are among the dead. By now there is such a fear of the police that families may choose to leave their own dead unburied rather then be identified publicly as family members of a suspected (now dead) Senderista.

The armed forces, of course, cannot maintain a permanent presence in every out-of-the-way village. Furthermore, it is physically very dangerous. The army retreats and tries to defend itself in the few larger cities. The Senderistas return to the village. "See," they say. "*There* is the enemy. *They* are the ones who kill." If the logic of the argument is not convincing, the immediate presence of armed Senderistas is indeed very compelling.

All ordinary public officials — the mayor, the notaries, the representatives of government bureaucracies — have either been executed or have long since left. The village and its area is declared a "liberated zone." Most of the schools can operate quite normally since many teachers were part of the advance revolutionary activities. Abimael Guzmán and all his leaders are local people, speak Quechua, and live comfortably within the local culture. They promote the local arts, local music and dance, and folk medicine. After one or two harvests, the people may live better than just a few years ago.

As was the case in Vietnam, there are few clear geographical boundaries. There is absolutely no communication, no information, no reports from Sendero Luminoso itself. A sense of siege, of terror, of fear, of distrust falls on all sides. A strategic move by one side has its own logic and its own consequences, only to be offset by a counterpositioning logic on the other side.

For example, traditionally the peasant communities have always been able to maintain their own type of local vigilante justice by defense groups called *rondas*. Where the Senderistas are genuinely rejected, the peasants have resorted to the vigilante justice of the *rondas* which violently drives off the Senderistas. This is extremely dangerous because the Senderistas can return with superior forces and make reprisals. So some villages have asked for arms and training by the armed police forces. What is worse, the armed forces in turn, now manipulate and direct these vigilante peasant groups — often against their own will — against their own people: peasants killing peasants. If one will not kill on the side of the Senderistas, he must kill on the side of the police (and be killed by the Senderistas).

It is said that the Senderistas have infiltrated the armed forces, even entering the crack "Green Berets," called *Sinchis*. When youth are expertly trained in all the best techniques of killing, they defect and carry with them to the Senderistas not only newly learned skills of killing, but often some of the latest weaponry.

The armed forces have discovered the danger of sending local youth back to defend their own neighborhoods. Youth become the special targets of the Senderistas, either for indoctrination and defection, or for outright assassination.

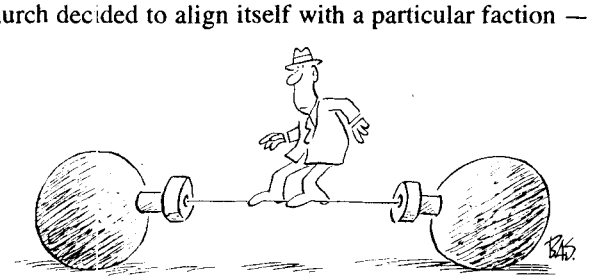
The officers in the armed forces now serve under false names and numbers. This is to prevent the Senderistas from threatening and bombing their families and homes. This also means that officers can now act with complete impunity. They can enter any home, arrest any citizen, execute on the spot, and not one can be denounced by name or number.

A brutal anarchy reigns. Someone enters a shop and secretly displays a red hammer and sickle and asks for a large quantity of goods. Who will openly defy a Senderista? But *is* he a Senderista? He may simply be getting what he can get for himself. Who will dare investigate? It is said that ancient family feuds and disputes are being settled. Dead bodies are found. No one dares to investigate.

In my five days in Ayacucho I discovered no new data. I do not speak Quechua; I cannot verify all the stories. But the fact that such stories can be told and accepted as true reveals the tragic mentality now common. This is what terror and violence do to a people. Romantic readings of the Che Guevara diaries did not prepare me for this.

So what was I doing in Ayacucho? In January 1984, I left the high Sierra, dusted off the philosophy books, and I am now working in seminary formation and teaching. But a sense of orthopraxis persists in my blood. I cannot withdraw myself from the *realidad*. The Conference of Religious of Peru has begun to ask: What should be the presence of the church in the emergency zones? I went to Ayacucho as a sort of "messenger" and "scout" for the Conference of Religious. The situation is extremely complex and delicate.

One can talk about the case of Cuba where the bulk of the church decided to align itself with a particular faction — and



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lost. In Argentina, some members of the church sided with the military solution to subversion; they won . . . so it seemed, for a while. The sad case of Nicaragua is still unresolved.

Up to this time in Peru there simply is no Christian leaven inside the grim politics of Sendero Luminoso. It seems to be an exclusively atheistic, anti-Christian ideology. But to date it has made no explicit move against the church; no church personnel have been touched.

If some social structures of Ayacucho are still feudal, much of the local church is pre-Vatican II. Most of the diocesan clergy, of peasant stock, who speak Quechua, are old and unprepared to cope with what has happened all around them. Most religious in the archdiocese retain traditional works such as staffing schools and running homes for the elderly. There are three large active communities of women contemplatives. The archbishop himself is from one of the landed families of the area; his military brother was the Minister of the Interior under the military government. And so, I say, the best way to describe the situation of the church is to say that it is "delicate."

Even the cast of players is not clear. In Chile (perhaps also in Central America) the heavies wear black hats: one knows against whom to protest. In Peru, the principal problem is this: how does one remain nonviolent, talk nonviolence, train for nonviolence in a context of uncontrolled violence? How does one form church in such an environment?

The Peruvian church and its bishops are a relatively strong, active body of the faithful. In the face of immediate dire need, the church is beginning to serve the thousands of refugees fleeing from the violent zones and streaming into the overcrowded shanty-towns around Lima and into other major cities. The church is trying to set up soup kitchens in and around Ayacucho, trying to find housing for orphans, widows, for the old and the abandoned.

The Peruvian church has often asked for social reform, for justice and peace, for fair labor practices, and for human rights. But it has always spoken out in the context of Peru's own liberal political traditions. Can these same bishops (some with oligarchic surnames) really promote a pastoral presence within the "liberated zones"? Can the Peruvian church dare to envision the remote possibility (in ten to twenty years) of an eventual military-political victory by the likes of Sendero Luminoso?

Ah, yes, the church, insists Pope John Paul II, is to be non-political. What really is a non-political church? Obviously, if the church stays only on the side of the government and its forces of law and order, it is being terribly political and in the precise way that the Marxists define church: a part of the ideological superstructure, represented by the forces of power to keep the poor and the oppressed in their proper place. It is extremely interesting to watch the Peruvian church tiptoe around the announced policies of the new government. Few can dispute the general tone and intentions of the new reforms. But the church dares not allow itself to be identified too closely with a political party (APRA) whose history is marked with anti-clericalism.

What really is a non-political church? More specifically, in the "liberated zones," how can the Gospel be preached, faith in Jesus be proclaimed, and the sacraments administered? The church must say "no" to violence, to revenge, and to reprisals. It must ask for peace, a fair distribution of food and medicines, and a simple good life for all. It must be a church without feudal power and without oligarchic and capitalistic privileges. Catechesis, worship, and the Eucharist must go on.

Will Sendero Luminoso permit such a Christian presence? Or, from another point of view, is Sendero Luminoso such an embodiment of evil (like the Nazis, the Khmer Rouge under Pol Pot) that any kind of presence would mean — as a non-pacifist friend of mine would say — "an acquiescence in, or accommodation to, human degradation"?

Clearly, the first need is that of reconciliation: the church's presence must be a reconciling presence. A genuine Christian reconciliation must begin with Jesus himself, who, by his blood, made peace with the Father for all of us distant sinners. Only the blood of Jesus can convert the awful bloodshed of Ayacucho into a saving, reconciling blood.

Reconciliation means that we simply accept one another anew, conscious that we are all, in some ways, guilty of the bloodshed by our sisters and brothers, but we are assured that the blood of Christ is more powerful still. Only in his blood is there peace.

In other words, the first need is not military nor social nor political; it is mystical. In Quechua, "Ayacucho" means "the

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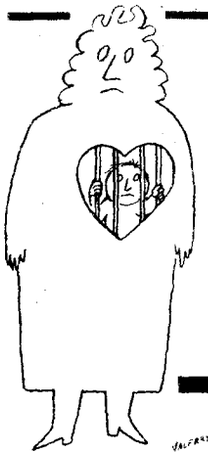
corner of death." The official colonial coat-of-arms of Ayacucho is that of the apocalyptic Lamb of God sitting on the book of seven seals, holding aloft the banner of victory. Holy Week ceremonies in Ayacucho conclude with a triumphant dawn procession of the Resurrected Christ. The process is from death to resurrection. The Spirit must be allowed to emerge from within the culture, the history, and the folk piety of the very people of Ayacucho. The church must be servant to such a Spirit.

How goes the revolution? It's become mystical. I've come back to Lima to arm myself for the revolution. I've come back to Lima to pray.



THE PITFALLS & TRIUMPH OF ADULT EDUCATION

The virtuoso pianist

ROBERT H. BELL

A FEW MONTHS after beginning piano lessons as an adult, I changed teachers. Mrs. Hastings, my new teacher, took one look at my technique and another at my Bach assignments. "I don't know what *she* had you doing," she humphed in her genteel Virginia accent. "I always say you can't swallow the whole apple in one bite."

Thus I became again as a little child, addressing myself to such compositions as "Going to the Circus," "Skipping Rope," and the traditional scale exercises in Hanon's venerable primer, *The Virtuoso Pianist*. Within three weeks I had progressed to "The Happy Fisherman."

"You should memorize this piece for the party," Mrs. Hastings instructed me.

"What party?" I asked, a sudden queasiness in my bowels.

"We meet four times a year and everybody plays."

"Gee, I don't know, Mrs. Hastings. I've never played in front of anybody."

"You have a month to memorize this piece. And get your hair cut."

The next week I found eight-year-old Timmy McGrew completing his lesson with Mrs. Hastings. "How are you doing, Timmy?" I greeted him.

"Fine."

"Who says you are doing fine?" Mrs. Hastings interjected. "Do you know what I call this lesson? I call it a terrible lesson! If you practice so poorly next week, I will *really* become cross!"

She already sounded pretty cross to me. When Timmy's mother arrived, she received a dressing-down from Mrs. Hastings. "You spoil him. His father spoils him. He needs discipline." The emphasis she placed upon "discipline" suggested that the parents should begin with flogging and get tough if necessary. Timmy and I shared a moment of silent communion, two hapless victims of oppression.

"I sure hope I've got my lesson right today," I jested. But my chuckle lacked spontaneity.

All too soon I had to perform "The Happy Fisherman" at Mrs. Hastings's fall recital. I spent hours memorizing this complex composition; in my last hundred rehearsals I executed it flawlessly.

There were seven pianists at the recital — four children lacking discipline and three adults craving sedatives. The first adult pianist was Dr. Rand. He started to play from memory, deleted an expletive, stopped abruptly, fumbled for his music, and finally completed a lovely Chopin prelude. Mrs. Hastings explained that Dr. Rand didn't have time to memorize his whole piece adequately. Meanwhile the other grownups, Cissey Caffrey and I, awaited our calls in states resembling clinical shock. Cissey somehow survived her ordeal, delivering a rather catatonic Bach fugue.

Then it was my turn. As usual when I am panic-stricken, I hammed it up pretty outrageously. I strode to the piano like Gary Cooper heading for the showdown in *High Noon*. When I sat upon the bench, I imitated Van Cliburn's extravagant gestures at the Moscow Music Festival. Unfortunately, I was unable to find the first note.

Mrs. Hastings said firmly, "A below middle C."

I hit a note.

"*A* below middle C."

I hit another wrong note. Not only had A below middle C mysteriously disappeared, but I couldn't locate middle C, although I remembered it was around the middle of the keyboard. Mrs. Hastings's prodding became more specific: "There, it's right under your third finger . . . No, third finger *left* hand. That's it."

I somehow clumped out a facsimile of "The Happy Fisherman." At the tempo I played it, it was more like a funeral march for the Happy Fisherman. Cecil Harper, who had been studying only six weeks, would also perform "The Happy

ROBERT H. BELL *teaches English at Williams College, and airs his humor on National Public Radio.*

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Fisherman." Cecil sat down at the piano, tossed his long blonde hair, cast me an arrogant glance, and performed "The Happy Fisherman" with astonishing rapidity and finesse. Either the kid was a veritable Mozart or Mrs. Hastings had hired an accomplished dwarf to mortify me.

"Don't worry," she consoled me, "you'll do much better at the Christmas Recital."

EARLY in November, before I had time to collect the tattered remnants of my self-esteem, Mrs. Hastings told me to write down "Christmas Recital on December 17." She assigned me a brief air from *The Marriage of Figaro*, a duet with little Timmy, and "We Three Kings of Orient Are."

My wife and I wanted to visit our parents the week before Christmas, but Mrs. Hastings wouldn't hear of it. "You don't know how disappointed a little boy can be," she confided. "Timmy has been working on that duet since October." I rearranged my holiday schedule.

A week before the party Mrs. Hastings telephoned. "Bob, can your wife bake a cake?

"Ah . . . under duress."

"Have her bring a cake to the party. All the mothers bring cakes."

I thought, "Mrs. Hastings, what we have here is a generational gap. My wife and I have the kind of complicated dual-career marriage you read about in *New York Magazine*. I cannot tell my wife to bake a cake for my piano recital — certainly not now, when she is swamped with work."

I said. "Certainly, Mrs. Hastings."

I spent an anxious forty-five minutes wondering how to inform my wife and wrote *cake* in tiny letters on our calendar for December 16. My wife returned home agitated. Writing some new deadline on the calendar, she asked what "cake" meant.

"Are you crazy?" she exclaimed. "We've already changed our whole vacation for her silly party. That lady is the Ahab of piano teachers."

Three days later we were planning an intimate supper enhanced by Chateauneuf-du-Pape when the telephone rang. I had forgotten the pre-recital rehearsal.

I arrived thirty minutes late. Cecil Harper, the little monster, was playing "We Three Kings" without looking at the keyboard. At the end he stuck out his tongue at me.

Mrs. Hastings had organized the performers and carolers with the rigorous precision of an experienced martinet. I was placed in the back row with the other tall people, Dr. Rand and Cissey Caffrey. Cissy was comatose, and I disguised my terror with wisecracks ("My piece is entitled Bagatelle for piano, flute, and oboe, without piano"). Soon the dread moment was at hand: "And now Bob will play 'We Three Kings.' "

As I moved tentatively toward the piano, a beeper went off and Dr. Rand declared with carefully contrived gravity, "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Hastings, but I must leave to deliver a baby."

I had completed the first line of my carol without mishap when I recalled that Dr. Rand had introduced himself as an allergist. Suddenly I lost track of myself, and the chorus lurched home toward "the perfect light" without benefit of an accompanist. There were several discernible snickers.

"All right, Bob, we will work more on that one." For the benefit of the chorus, Mrs. Hastings added, "This is the first time Bob has played with singers, and he's a little nervous."

While Cissey was hammering out a perfect version of "O Come All Ye Faithful," I envied Dr. Rand's gall. Deliver a baby, indeed! Obviously he was setting us up for triplets just before curtain on Friday. Perhaps I could pay one of my students to call me ("Paging Dr. Bell! Emergency call! An undergraduate needs a metaphor explicated immediately!").

The situation had become ominous. We were flat out of valium, my wife had to bake a cake, and I was fated to make an ass of myself in front of forty or fifty people. She had probably invited her whole coven.

After the rehearsal, Cissey Caffrey said to me, "I may not be back from a business trip to Hartford on Friday."

"Cissey, if you don't come, I'll moider youse."

"Mrs. Hastings would beat you to the punch. She sure takes this thing seriously."

"I'll say."

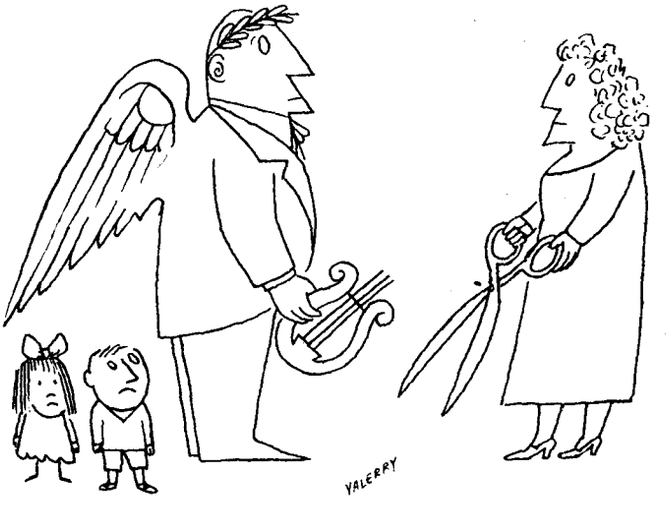
"She forgets we have lives to lead. I'm very busy this time of year, and I have an invalid mother to care for. You know what Mrs. Hastings did? She called my mother and told her to bake a cake!"

THE MORNING of the Christmas recital dawned brightly. I know because I awoke in a damp sweat at 5:30. By 9:00 I had accidentally memorized "We Three Kings" and discovered the exhilaration of freedom through discipline.

I bought Mrs. Hastings a fine box of candies and inscribed it warmly. What a splendid teacher! She had transformed a bumbling idiot into a polished performer.

My wife, having finished her semester's work, was in a sprightly mood at lunch. "I think I'll make my Harvey Wallbanger cake," she declared.

Crowded into Mrs. Hastings's living room that evening were about twenty-five people and at least ten cakes. Mrs.



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Hastings, arrayed in a gorgeous Oriental dress, looked radiant. As she introduced me to her friends, she beamed. They all asked, "Are *you* one of the performers?" and I nodded modestly, enjoying my celebrity. I looked vainly for Cissey Caffrey. Poor woman, I mused; she must develop self-discipline and confidence.

My Mozart went swimmingly but Timmy and I didn't finish our duet in unison. "Ladies and gentlemen," I announced, "as Paganini and Rubenstein said at their famous joint concert in Prague, 'Permit us to lay that one on you again.' " We did better the second time.

I botched "We Three Kings" only slightly, but since everybody was singing loudly, off pitch, and at random tempo, nobody minded. When my nemesis, Cecil Harper, went blank midway through his piece, I felt benevolent enough to refrain from sticking out my tongue.

After we finished the music and devoured the cakes, Mrs. Hastings distributed presents: neatly wrapped packages of three #2 Herald Square pencils. Clutching my pencils and my carols, I departed, joyful and triumphant, having bridged the awful chasm between myself and the music of the spheres.

Screen

SPIRIT OF HISTORY

LADY JANE & REVOLUTION

I LOVE HISTORY but often hate historical films. Too often, historical re-creation is equated with mere physical re-creation; what you get is twentieth-century people tarted up in antique costumes, with a plot that hybrids swashbuckling and the sexual hijinks of a nighttime soap opera — *Dynasty Down Through the Ages*. Indeed, such historical films are more often found on TV lately — witness the atrocity on the civil war, *North and South*. But many old-time film "epics" do the same, supplanting concern with believable character and engaging plot for concern with gorgeous externals and juicy naughtiness. Hence the pleasure of a film like 1967's *A Man for All Seasons* which actually forged historical re-creation and moving drama into an aesthetic whole.

Lady Jane almost achieves the grandeur of that film. It concerns the story of Jane Grey, niece of Henry VIII, who was placed on the throne after the death of his son Edward VI as a Protestant alternative to Mary Tudor. Without a family tree, one is bound to get lost in Tudor politics. But director Trevor Nunn, the head of the Royal Shakespeare Company with the populist instinct to create *Cats* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, sagely provides a guide early in the film, when a conniving English nobleman neatly maps out the alternatives on a parchment scroll. Through this device Nunn, here making his screen debut, is able to translate the basic facts without a hitch.

The spirit of history is more evasive, but is magnificently brought to life in *Lady Jane* by the acting of an English ingénue named Helena Bonham Carter. She is surrounded by veterans of the RSC, but manages to shine above them by catching the personality of a remarkable Renaissance woman. Jane Grey was only sixteen when she became a pawn in a dynastic struggle; still, she impressed her age by a mixture of intellect, spirituality, and courage. Nunn stages her first appearance to underscore these traits. Platonic dialogue in hand (the *Phaedo*), Jane parries firmly but politely with Dr. Feckenham, Mary Tudor's Jesuit confessor, on points of biblical interpretation. It was refreshing to see the topic taken seriously, especially when Ms. Carter (only eighteen herself) makes Jane authentic by passionately arguing against transubstantiation.

Like so many historical films, *Lady Jane* employs pageantry, costume, and location to re-create the Tudor past. Most of the film was shot in castles little changed from the sixteenth century, such as at Dover, here a stand-in for the old look of the Tower of London. But its real distinction is in catching the emotional flavor of the past to reproduce the seriousness with which subtle religious issues were taken in previous eras. Some of the best scenes involve confrontations between Jane and Mary, played by Jane Lapotaire, star of the RSC and Broadway's *Piaf*. Nunn avoids the slightest trace of condescension in portraying their fervor; he also performs the neat trick of presenting Mary sympathetically. Jane's reading of the *Phaedo* (the passage describing the soul taking flight from the prison house of the body) is also expertly carried through the film as a register of how genuinely Jane felt her faith.

Nunn's use and grasp of history both pleases and periodically annoys. Appropriately for a director of Dickens (and currently in London, a stage version of *Les Misérables*), Nunn has attempted to portray a wider image of sixteenth-century England than we normally get. The poor are well represented, hurt particularly by the new economic conditions of Tudor times: the enclosures of old common land and the end of the charity of the monasteries. This view provides a good corrective to those history films that leave out real people for those best dressed. Nevertheless, Nunn goes wrong when he fashions Jane into a Tudor social reformer. According to the film, her nine-day reign featured brave attempts to end exploitation, stop inflation, and provide for a "real shilling." There is simply no historical evidence that Jane tried anything of the sort. Worse, her efforts are presented in a ridiculously quixotic manner. Nunn's economics have more to do with satirizing Margaret Thatcher than celebrating Jane Grey.

More seriously, Nunn exaggerates two elements in Jane's private life: her relationship with her parents and her marriage. Nunn presents Jane as an abused child, beaten into an arranged political wedding with a noble rogue; the actual thrashing, although remarkable filmmaking, is uncertain history. Moreover, once married, Nunn claims that Jane and her spouse fell deeply in love. In some comical, but compelling scenes, we see him learn respect for her propriety and Jane learn to direct (and delight in) his mischief. What Nunn

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creates, in effect, is *A Man for All Seasons Meets Romeo and Juliet*. No doubt this approach involves a concession to Hollywood marketing and the contemporary need to appeal to a teenage audience. But its high Romanticism also stems from Nunn's nineteenth-century sentimental streak, more Shelley than Dickens. Although the relationship is interesting, it is portrayed too melodramatically when conjoined with history, especially when Jane's husband's roguishness is explained as an alienated rebel's protective cynicism against the times.

The greatest problem with *Lady Jane* has to do with its music. As with most directors these days, Nunn overdoes orchestration at key spots and fails to let action and emotion speak for themselves. In Nunn's case, this is understandable: he comes from theater, where his most innovative work has involved musicals. Nevertheless, *Lady Jane* suffers from this "too many notes" syndrome, especially at the end, when understatement would have better served its high spiritual tone. Ms. Carter approaches Jane's beheading with tragic dignity. (The plot to use her to prevent the succession of Mary Tudor failed, of course, and the innocent were punished along with the guilty.) Nunn should have known that her acting, and Plato's *Phaedo*, could have carried the day without any accompaniment. Relying on music, he underestimates the fineness of what he and Ms. Carter as Lady Jane have together accomplished.

REVOLUTION first stirs, then bombs. Initially, it provides an intriguing image of America during the summer of 1776. Instead of the Declaration, the film focuses on the battle of New York, a stunning patriot defeat. Interestingly, the Americans were shown in unflattering colors: a Bowery mob forcibly requisitions the boat of one Tom Dobbs (Al Pacino), who immediately thereafter is dragooned into the rebel army by a vicious recruiting sergeant. Director Hugh Hudson *(Chariots of Fire, Greystoke)* vividly captures the world of the eighteenth-century army (see, for example, the opening chapters of *Candide*), providing not a single image of ideological commitment; recruits are simply driven to battle by uncaring officers on horseback. The battle itself (fought on the rolling hills of Queens and Brooklyn) pits the inexperienced colonists against a line of British infantry that mechanically advances despite terrible losses. English professionalism is incarnated in a sergeant major (Donald Sutherland), whose ramrod rectitude and ruthlessness carries the true whiff of powder.

Sutherland's provocative robotic state provides literal backbone to the early part of the film. Indeed, if you can ignore his Bronx accent, initially even Al Pacino's parallel minimalism (first perfected in *The Godfather*) works adequately. When British officers (taking their turn at brutality) hunt fox, Pacino provides a terrible image of a man doing anything to survive. Director Hudson seems to have wanted Pacino to embody a plague on both your houses. It might have worked if he had prevented Pacino from speaking and kept the screenplay consistent. But as the film progresses, Hudson inexplicably burdens his leading man with lines and ideas Pacino can't sustain, and unconvincingly turns him into a patriot. There is no transition or preparation; the turn is a bolt that seems designed merely to get him to Valley Forge and proceed with the epic. A better film would have stuck to its guns.

Soon, most is cliché: all the British officers are lamely caricatured; one (of course) is gay and after drummer boys; evil Indians hunt our hero, and good ones (who happen by in the middle of the Adirondacks, as only in a Cooper novel) save him. One even gets to say, "Anyone who kills my enemy is my friend." Other bad lines are scattered about, mostly by Natassia Kinski, an overrated actress perhaps, but here working with the distinct liability of having no role to act. Her presence is required for romance, but her character is forced into the action with zero plausibility; her scenes become stiffer and more artificial after that. Showing up at Valley Forge, in uniform no less, she gets to mouth the worst line in a 1985 film.

What's sad about *Revolution* is how much is wasted: a dour, challenging beginning; fine re-creation of the eighteenth-century scene; and some stirring landscapes of how America then looked. The brooding score by John Corigliano sometimes even complements the screenplay. *Revolution* reminded me often of *King David*, another 1985 bomb — a foreign director with a proven success record (Bruce Beresford) got so absorbed by the production values that he forgot character and feeling. *Revolution* repeats the error, mistaking vacuity for primitivism, cliché for old truth.

Revolution only touches what *Lady Jane*, in its treatment of faith, accomplishes more clearly. A genuinely great history film involves more than physical re-creation or merely telling a story. It must not read the past as present, escaping a "rear-view mirror" rendering of history which ignores the way in which people in the past were not "just like us." For both director and audience, this involves an intellectual struggle to transcend the clichés of universality about human nature and the liberal approach to history that reduces the past to an anticipation of what we have become. *The Return of Martin Guerre*, for example, was magnificent because it re-created the value system of sixteenth-century French peasants in all their obstinate simplicity. It was provocative because strange, relevant because it so deflated the demands of modern narcissism. To *Lady Jane*'s credit, it echoes that miracle.

TOM O'BRIEN

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Stage

GREAT DIVIDE

SHEPARD'S 'LIE OF THE MIND'

SAM SHEPARD's new play, *A Lie of the Mind*, runs for more than four hours, but its length does not herald structural innovation in his drama. He is still working in short scenes, as he has been since he turned up off-off-Broadway in the 1960s. In the new play, he cuts back and forth between two families and their homes on opposite ends of the stage, jumping from one painful or comic sequence to the next. The play, as one expects with Shepard, is absorbing, but a kind of attenuation has set in. It has no images as sharp and compelling as the corn shucking in *Buried Child* or the nude man with the lamb in *Curse of the Starving Class*; nor does it manage the intensity of *True West* or *Fool for Love*, even though many of the scenes are two-person encounters.

Shepard is on familiar ground in *A Lie of the Mind*, dealing once again with the disintegration of the American family, as in *Curse* and *Child*, and with the violence and mutability of sexual love, as in *Fool for Love*. The event that triggers the minimal action of *Lie* is Jake's jealous beating of his wife, which sends him back to his home thinking he has killed Beth, and sends her, brain-damaged but slowly recovering, to her family. Both homes are loveless, Jake's father having long since walked out on his mother and died in a drunken accident for which Jake may have been responsible. Beth's mother is servant and burden to her husband, a Montana rancher who seems to prefer the deer he hunts to his family. Jake's mother dotes on him and tries to return him to the womb of his childhood room, evicting his sister in the process. When I used the adjective *minimal* with *action*, I intended to suggest that there was no dramatic development of importance. There is incident aplenty. Beth's father shoots Jake's brother, mistaking him for a deer, when Frankie comes to see if Beth is alive or dead; Beth, who perceives in fragmentary ways, decides to marry Frankie and gets herself tarted up for the occasion. Jake has made his way from California to Montana — that is, has crossed the stage — where, after having been tortured by Beth's brother, he begs everyone's pardon and gives Beth to Frankie.

The play is sprinkled with moments in which a character displays love, affection, protectiveness toward another, but the effect of the play as a whole is to suggest the impossibility of a happy relationship between a man and a woman or a healthy closeness within a family. At the end of the play Jake's mother, on one side of the stage, is burning her house down and getting ready to go to Ireland with her daughter to visit probably non-existent relatives; on the other side, Frankie and Beth embrace in an ending that would be a more comforting final clinch if her parents were not laboriously folding an American flag into the triangle that suggests a funeral; and the mutilated Jake and his mutilator are somewhere in between, each self-exiled from his uncongenial family circle. In the final moment, Beth's mother looks across the stage and comments on the fire which is presumably burning hundreds of miles away, thus providing the connection-disconnection image which indicates that the lie of the mind is not simply the false promise of love, but the geography of shared loss.

The most startling thing about *A Lie of the Mind* is the broad comedy in it. Vincent Canby, reviewing the movie version of *Fool for Love (New York Times*, December 15, 1985), called the original play "a live-action Maggie and Jiggs cartoon for which there is no exit," a label that he intends as descriptive, not pejorative, since he admires the play in preference to the film. I had not thought of *Fool for Love* in those terms, although the comedy in it, as in the other Shepard plays, is often center stage. With *A Lie of the Mind* the cartoon quality of the characters becomes pervasive, so much so that the knockabout often robs the play of the kind of powerful image that Shepard so often comes up with when a potentially comic situation or character turns suddenly painful or lyric. Since Shepard directed *Lie* and presumably chose the performers, the excessiveness in the production must be what he wants. Will Patton, as Beth's brother, gives a frenetic physical performance as though the character's anger has gone to the actor's nerve ends. At one point, he stiffens like a board and falls flat on his back; at another he throws himself on the ground and drags himself under the step in a single fine sweep of exasperation. All of the characters are overstated, but none of them has quite the flamboyance of the two mothers. Shepard has been having a run on peculiar mothers — in *Curse*, in *Buried Child*, in *True West* — but the two in *A Lie of the Mind* win blue ribbons for eccentricity. Ann Wedgeworth plays Beth's mother as a gently demented women, nervously upright in her fluffy mules. Geraldine Page, as Jake's mother, mugs and punches relentlessly, as though she were finally getting a chance to perfect her Marie Dressler imitation, a reading which should suit Shepard. After all, he seems to have built his performance as Eddie in the *Fool for Love* film out of bits and pieces of Gary Cooper.

On the night that I saw *A Lie of the Mind*, Harvey Keitel was out of the cast. His replacement as Jake was Bill Raymond, who had just been hired as understudy and had to work with script in hand. He knew the business, he knew the character, he even knew most of the lines, and the pages he carried interfered with his performance only once. Jake throws a tantrum, knocking a bowl of soup out of his mother's hand and ripping his bed apart; in the process, Raymond lost script as well as bed linen and had to scramble around to retrieve the pages, which he did without ever losing Jake or his histrionic bad temper. It is possible, I suppose, that Raymond's presence disoriented the production to some extent, but the disconcerting broadness in so much of the show was clearly a deliberate decision of Shepard and his cast.

A major new Shepard play is always an occasion, but *A Lie*

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of the Mind seems to have extended Shepard's staying power without enriching his art. In the past, he has used his taste for caricature in the interest of dramatic or visual truth. Here the serious side of the play is so compromised by the cartoon atmosphere that Shepard sometimes seems to be mocking the themes that have given substance and force to so much of his recent work.

GERALD WEALES

Books: A MURAL IN PROGRESS

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC EXPERIENCE

A HISTORY FROM COLONIAL TIMES TO THE PRESENT

Jay P. Dolan

Doubleday, $19.95, 504 pp.

David O'Brien

DURING the last fifteen years professor Jay P. Dolan of Notre Dame has led a revival of American Catholic historical studies. As a graduate student under Martin Marty at the University of Chicago, Dolan decided to apply the techniques of the "new social history" to American Catholicism. His first book, *The Immigrant Church* (1968) resulted from almost four years research on parish life in pre-Civil-War New York. Dolan wrote this history "from the bottom up," as the social historians put it, examining baptismal and marriage records, census data, newspapers, sermons, catechisms, devotional manuals, all to provide a detailed account of how Irish and German parishes were organized and paid for, which people joined them and why, what parishioners believed and how they passed their faith on to their children.

From this perspective, Dolan offered new insight into American urban life and some tentative answers to the question of Catholic success: why did this apparently European and very conservative church not only survive but thrive in American cities of the nineteenth century? Avoiding the simplistic reductionism of earlier forms of social history, Dolan took faith seriously; there might be religious as well as functional reasons why Catholicism worked. This led him to the study of popular religion, already well advanced in Europe but not yet applied to American Catholic subjects. His second book, *Catholic Revivalism* (1975) examined parish missions. Catholics, it turned out, had revivals, just like Protestants; they even had a form of "Catholic evangelicalism" which led men and women to religious conversion and to sacramental practice.

In addition to his own pioneering work, Dolan assumed leadership in the historical profession. With Notre Dame's help, he established the Charles and Margaret Hall Cushwa Center for the Study of American Catholicism which has sponsored publication of a string of excellent monographs by Notre Dame Press, offered small fellowships to research scholars, provided information on current research through an excellent newsletter, published a series of "working papers" arising from an ongoing seminar at Notre Dame, and held several excellent conferences, including one this fall on "Catholicism and American Culture." Over the course of the last decade innumerable scholars have benefited from the Center's services. Not only religious historians but historians of immigration, labor, education, the family, and women have provided valuable new information about the American Catholic experience.

Now Dolan has drawn together the results of that research into a comprehensive social history of American Catholicism. The book complements James Hennesey's *American Catholics*, the only other current general history. While Hennesey recognizes the importance of social history, his survey concentrates on the institutional church and on religious ideas. Dolan examines the church from the point of view of the people. After excellent chapters on the colonial period, including a superb portrait of Catholic life in colonial Maryland, Dolan explains how Catholicism in the early national period experienced a "republican interlude" marked by lay initiative, a congregational church polity and a personalist spirituality centered less on the church than on the individual's relationship with God.

The heart of the book lies in Dolan's subsequent discussion of the immigrant church from 1820 to 1920. Abandoning a chronological for a thematic framework, he examines parish life, religious beliefs, education, charities, and social action. Parishes continued to arise most often from lay initiative; they met human needs and assisted adjustment to American culture. While overwhelmingly working class, ethnic groups usually found middle-class lay leaders who played a crucial role in organizing the community. Lay leadership was less apparent among Italians and Hispanics, who also brought a more family-centered style of religion which maintained channels to the divine, independent of the church. Among other immigrants, the congregational parish of the republican period was replaced by "the devotional parish," organized around religious activities which required the services of the priest. Combined with the organizational requirements of American pluralism and the centralization of power and authority which flowed from Vatican I, the new devotionalism created a very priest-centered church and a spirituality which emphasized sin, ritual, and "religious practice."

Given the complexity of immigrant adjustment to American society, and the diversity of classes and ethnic groups which made up the church, few firm generalizations are possible, but with admirable modesty Dolan succeeds in offering a picture of American Catholic life at the family, neighborhood, and parish level.

(Continued on page 89)

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Religious booknotes

East & West: beauty, joy, genius

David Toolan

DOMINIQUE LAPIERRE's *The City of Joy* is probably the real "inside India" book of this festival-India year. It places you down and out with the unimaginably poor in

***The City of Joy**, by Dominique Lapierre. Translated by Kathryn Spink. Doubleday, $17.95, 464 pp.*

Calcutta — behind the traffic jams and starvation diets of teeming millions, beneath the rhetoric of despair or hope. The predatory hierarchies, the literal blood-sucking of so much of this great Indian city's life shows up in detail — and yet, at the very worst, it is a story of compelling grace and continuing miracle. We follow Hasari Pal and his family as they, like so many millions of peasants the world over, are dispossessed of ancestral land and forced to derelict life on a piece of city street. For such people, movement to a slum like Anand Nagar ("city of joy") would be a step up. We also follow Father Stephen Kovalski as he discovers what life in Anand Nagar is like. The story is riveting. For every aspect of horror and brutality here, there is some equally stunning revelation of beauty.

Rollo May's *My Quest for Beauty* consists of a series of reminiscences

***My Quest for Beauty**, by Rollo May. Saybrook, $18.95, 243 pp.*

from life or therapeutic practice which elicit May's reflections on the healing function of beauty, and the central metaphor of artist, in every aspect of building meaning into life. It is a very personal, charming book. The reflections begin with May's first teaching post in Salonika, Greece, and move on to Mt. Athos, Nantucket, Rockport, Mendocino, and reflections on creative mind and modern art.

While on the subject of beauty, we have Diane Apostolos-Cappadona to thank for gathering together some

Mircea Eliade's best criticism, essays on art, and comments on his own work as novelist and poet. Thus we get fascinating essays on ritual masks, Indian art, Marc Chagall, Brancusi, and Eugene Ionesco.

The narrative of Joseph Chilton Pearce's spirited breakthroughs into

***Symbolism, the Sacred, & the Arts**, by Mircea Eliade. Crossroad, $18.95, 185 pp.*

new worlds *(Crack in the Cosmic Egg, Exploring the Crack in the Cosmic Egg, The Magical Child)* provide a remarkable testimony to the convergence of Eastern and Western spirituality in our time. The journey continues. The latest update, *The Magical Child Matures*, attempts to relate Pearce's understanding of his kundalini yoga training under the late Swami Muktananda to Piaget's theory of development, recent neurological theory such as Paul MacLean's triune brain, Rupert Sheldrake's biological "morphogenetic fields," the new

***Magical Child Matures**, by Joseph Chilton Pearce. E.P. Dutton, $16.95, 236 pp.*

physics, and christology. Pearce's last chapter explicates that habit of being, about which there is no end of misunderstanding or outright rejection. I mean the business of obedience to God or serving the will of God.

In more traditional language, but with the tang of first-hand experience standing behind it, this theme receives equally illuminating treatment from Bernadette Roberts in *The Path to No-Self: Life at the Center*. Pearce and Roberts are both talking about what classic ascetical tracts spoke of as the life of "transforming union." The trouble with those classical tracts is that they made most of us feel that we weren't called to such exalted stuff. Roberts vigorously disputes this, lets you see that it's (almost) easy, that it comes natural to the Christian life. More important, she conveys what the thing feels like (though feeling has

***The Path to No-Self: Life at the Center**, by Bernadette Roberts. Shambala, $9.95, 214 pp.*

little to do with it). Roberts is a born writer; sharp, precise, often funny, and not a word wasted. This book is a sequel to *The Experience of No-Self* (also Shambala, $9.95), wherein she detailed going beyond the level of union Teresa of Avila and John of the Cross held was the ultimate in this life. Roberts broke through to something very like the Buddhist "no-

***Edith Stein: a Biography**, by Waltraud Herbstrith. Translated by Bernard Bonowitz. Harper & Row, $15.95, 127 pp.*

self" — and the christology that comes out of that is quite something. The current book, however, traces the stages of union presupposed by the condition which goes beyond union. Much here for theologians to grapple with.

Finally, biographies of two intellectual saints of our time. The first Waltraud Herbstrith's account of the life of Edith Stein. The preeminent disci-

***Simone Weil**, by John M. Dunaway. Twayne, $18.95, 139 pp.*

ple of philosopher Edmund Husserl, Stein entered the Discalced Carmelites only to be arrested by the Nazis because of her Jewish background, and died at Auschwitz. The second, part of the Twayne author series, John M. Dunaway's *Simone Weil* — a fine unscrambling of that complex genius and her writings.

DAVID TOOLAN *is an assistant editor of* Commonweal.

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He has integrated Catholic history more fully into American history and has broken open the too simple slogans which pass for historical consciousness among many theologians and church leaders.

In the last three chapters of the book Dolan carries his story from the 1920s, the high watermark of the devotional parish, to the present. Here his conceptual framework becomes less clear, and he occasionally loses control over the mass of information he presents. Still, there is much to be learned here about parish life, schools, social action, and church organization; it is a kaleidescope of images and experiences. Dolan is the first writer of a general history to pay close attention to Hispanics. He includes Mexican Americans in his discussion of the immigrant church and later examines the Hispanic experience in the northeast and midwest as well as the southwest and California. In addition he is consistently attentive to the roles and experiences of women. If there is at times a sense of incompleteness about his discussion of the latter subject, that undoubtedly reflects the state of research. What is important is that the older, more institutional approach made women peripheral by definition, as Mary Jo Weaver pointed out [*Commonweal,* "From Immigrants to Emigrants, January 11, 1985], while Dolan's bottom-up approach is inclusive.

Dolan's work lacks the clear definitions and sharp boundaries of the earlier history; seen from the bottom, religious history is not confined to church but spills over into families and workplaces, into economics, politics, and culture. In that sense, it may be more rather than less Catholic, even if it may not easily provide the clarity and coherence readers may be looking for. For better or worse, unboundedness, confusion, incoherence, even mystery, may be more accurate characterizations of what was going on than superfically coherent notions of "Americanization."

In short, Dolan's is an exciting and suggestive book. It will open imaginations beyond too easy generalizations about the immigrant church to rich patterns of religious experience and organization of churches, which at one and the same time were social institutions reflecting human needs, and communities of faith which called persons beyond the world of daily experience to larger worlds of spirit and myth, to experiences of memory and possibility. Here a conservative theology could sometimes serve liberating purposes, and a liberal theology could legitimate power and domination. Most of all, Dolan's is a history of real people. For those who dream of an indigenous American Catholicism or of a unique American contribution to the universal church, this is where it must start. If Dolan is to be believed, it already has.

Wrestling with modernity

THE THEORY OF COMMUNICATIVE ACTION

VOLUME I: REASON AND THE RATIONALIZATION OF SOCIETY

Jürgen Habermas
Translated by Thomas McCarthy
Beacon Press, $29.95, 456 pp.

Dennis P. McCann

THE CRISIS within both church and society has been announced and analyzed so often and in so many ways that we may be tempted to turn a deaf ear toward anyone who would continue to theorize on such an overworked topic. This is especially true if the theorist writes at such length and in such ponderous prose that, with any luck at all, the crisis may have passed before we finish reading and absorbing it. Jürgen Habermas's major work, *The Theory of Communicative Action* could easily be dismissed in this way. Volume One, *Reason and the Rationalization of Society,* despite the impressive efforts of translator Thomas McCarthy, plods on for almost 400 pages, and Volume Two, *Lifeworld and System: A Critique of Functionalist Reason,* promises to do the same for perhaps 600 more. Yet while I

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don't expect every reader to take up Habermas, I do insist that the various tribes of public philosophers and practical theologians who have interpreted our crisis so far ignore his work at their own peril.

As the title may suggest, *Reason and the Rationalization of Society* is Habermas's definitive attempt to situate the Frankfurt School tradition of social thought vis-à-vis Max Weber's theory of modernization. Modernity, for Weber, consists in the ambiguous triumph of calculative reason (*Zweckrationalität*), according to which the mastery of the world through scientific management and technology is achieved at the price of its disenchantment. Such disenchantment means not just the death of God but the disappearance of any integrating moral purpose to human social life whatsoever. The irreducible plurality of conflicting values scattered in the wake of God's death can only be managed, though hardly reconstituted, by the institutionalization of calculative reason, Weber's famous "iron cage" of bureaucracy. Since the loss of cultural freedom and meaning implicit in this scenario is irreversible, Weber counsels a stoic resignation before our fate as modern masters of a disenchanted world.

The Frankfurt School, principally in the writings of its founders, Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno, tried to resist the political conservatism implicit in Weber's pessimistic scenario by reconstituting a Marxist critical theory of society. The loss of freedom and meaning documented by Weber must not be attributed to modernization in general, but to distortions quite specific to the development of modern capitalism. In particular, Marx's insight into how capitalism rationalizes human work into a mere factor of production, and its dehumanizing consequences, provides the key to refuting Weber. The "iron cage" can be broken, and the promise of modernity fulfilled, by transforming the structures of modern capitalism.

Yet, in Habermas's view, the Frankfurt School failed to produce the critical theory capable of vindicating Marxism's vision of revolutionary socialism. Driven into exile by the Nazis, Horkheimer and Adorno were bewildered not only by Stalin's bureaucratic tyranny, which betrayed Marxism in the Soviet Union, but also by the consumer culture which the New Deal masterminded in the United States. Since the one meant a loss of freedom and the other a loss of meaning, their unexpected convergence appeared to confirm, rather than refute Weber. According to Habermas, during the 1940s Horkheimer and Adorno thus began to transform the Marxist critique of capitalism into a generalized critique of domination. The inevitable result was a metaphysical pessimism not unlike Weber's own.

Even for those familiar with his earlier work, *The Theory of Communicative Action* makes clear just how intellectually venturesome Habermas is prepared to be in retrieving an authentically Marxist critical social theory. Volume One, *Reason and the Rationalization of Society*, squares accounts with both Weber and the Frankfurt School, by elaborating what is meant to be criticism internal to their own positions, if you will, a "determinate negation" of their errors in laying the foundations for social theory. This fresh discussion of Weber's work is indispensable for fully grasping Habermas's own agenda. Weber's generalized critique of modernizing rationality, and hence his pessimism, misfires because it remains unaware of the ultimate grounding of all forms of consciousness in communicative interaction.

Weber, in other words, fails to recognize the extent to which his own theory of social action rests on the unexamined presuppositions of a solipsistic philosophy of consciousness. The line of thinking running from Descartes through Kant to the epigoni of Logical Positivism unwittingly governs Weber's formulation of the problem of modernizing rationality. As a result he is unable to define the necessary boundaries of calculative reason, and thus is left disoriented and ambivalent in the face of modernity. Ironically, Horkheimer and Adorno wind up at the same impasse because of a similar failure. Despite their commitment to Marxism and its visionary rhetoric, they, too, are trapped by the modern philosophy of consciousness which ultimately renders their critical intentions impotent.

In contrast to both Weber and the Frankfurt School, Habermas shifts the foundations of critical social theory from an implicit paradigm of consciousness to an explicit paradigm of "language in use of speech." His controversial theory of "communicative competence" — which defines the categories of reasoning implicit in all speech acts, and establishes these as the norms and procedures of truth, rightness, and truthfulness, governing all genuinely human interaction — this is proposed not merely as a model for checking the uses and abuses of Marxist social analysis but now, more clearly than before, as the categorical framework for a general theory of social action. While Volume One of *The Theory of Communicative Action* presents the theory of communicative competence more elaborately and incisively than before, its promise as the foundation for a new paradigm of social action will remain unfulfilled until Volume Two, in which Habermas promises to develop critical social theory in relationship to the seminal thinking of George Herbert Mead and Emile Durkheim.

Should this paradigm shift prove to be as fruitful as Habermas intends it to be, the specter of metaphysical pessimism haunting the legacy of the Frankfurt School will have been dispelled. If Habermas is right about the anthropological priority and normativity of communicative action, the project of human rationality in general and the modern Enlightenment in particular cannot be identified with or reduced to the aporias of calculative rationality. Questions of common purpose, meaning, and value will have been rescued from the prison of arbitrary subjectivity, and once again, indeed, perhaps for the first time, will find their appropriate place on the agenda for public discourse.

To be concrete, modernity's elusive aspirations for universal participatory democracy in all social institutions, private as well as public, economic as well as political, and religious as well as secular, will have realized their enduring legitimacy as intrinsic to the project of human rationality as such. Their eclipse in the totalitarianisms of both the left and

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the right, and more recently, in the technocratic schemes of those who fantasize that the survival of Western civilization depends upon the advent of a society totally administered by a hierarchy of managerial bureaucracies, may thus turn out to be more apparent than real. Such is the concrete hope that Habermas seeks to vindicate.

A number of years ago at a symposium on his significance for the development of postmodern theologies, Dorothee Soelle, a partisan in behalf of Christian liberationism, bemoaned the fact that, in her view, Habermas had become the Max Weber for this generation. Extended conversation with Habermas could only lead, as had similar conversation with Weber among liberal Protestant theologians, to a progressive abandonment of the revolutionary hope of Christians. I prefer to think of Habermas as perhaps the Aristotle of our times. What he has learned in wrestling with the legacy of Marxism, we theologians should know in order to teach Christianity well; what we must teach him about religious faith and reason we have yet to understand very well ourselves.

The conversation with Habermas that I have in mind would help clarify the revolutionary hope of Christians by releasing it from its current captivity to a host of ideologies still bound in turn to an outworn philosophy of consciousness. Within a theological paradigm shift similar to Habermas's own, the perennial truth of that revolutionary hope may at last be salvaged from the currently fading rhetorics of liberation that have perhaps unwittingly tended to obscure it even in seeking to proclaim it. I am confident that the crisis in church and society which, among other things, inspires this paradigm shift, alas, is severe enough and will be protracted enough to allow this conversation to proceed at its own pace.

The wells went dry

FUNNY MONEY
Mark Singer
Knopf, $15.95, 222 pp.

Daniel Morrissey

JULY 6, 1982, the morning after federal investigators shut down the Penn Square Bank, I was eating my first breakfast of biscuits and gravy in a Tulsa diner. The regulars around me kept asking each other in their strange drawls, "What is this F.D.I.C.? Is it some agency of the federal government?"

As a corporate lawyer beginning a teaching career in what then to me was a remote area of the country, the failure of a shopping center bank in my new state capital took second place to other, more pressing matters like finding an apartment. Revelations in the following months, however, would show how this latter-day wildcat bank nearly undermined our entire monetary structure through its perverse kinship with the nation's eighth largest bank, Continental Illinois, an institution I knew better from my Chicago roots.

Now the fantastic story of this fateful Oklahoma City/Chicago financial axis is told in a colorfully anecdotal style by Mark Singer, a Tulsa native with an Ivy League education and ten-years' experience on the staff of *The New Yorker*. Singer's fine grasp of the details of oil-and gas-financing is amply matched by his deft characterizations of the two worlds that came together in this fiscal fiasco.

Compare: "Another friend once endeavored to explain to me how Oklahoma City is distinctive — how it differs from, say, Tulsa, which is regarded as sleek and 'Eastern' by Oklahomans who have never tasted the delights of a St. Louis or an Indianapolis," with "The archetypal Continental banker was a midwestern Catholic who rode the commuter train home each night to one of the leafy northern or western Chicago suburbs — wonderful places to raise families." Clint Eastwood and *Ordinary People* team up to ruin the American monetary system.

Was it outright greed or blind stupidity that caused this debacle? Some of both, finds Singer, along with economic factors in the late seventies and early eighties that prompted rust-belt banks to "put out their assets" with the one American industry that was not dying, "oil and gas." Still, fiscal restraint might have prevailed if not for the peculiar brand of business brashness that Singer calls "Okiesmo." "Upwardly mobile Okiesmo was a white Lincoln Continental with one hubcap missing. The bumper sticker said, 'Don't tell my folks I'm working in the oil patch. They think I play the piano in a whorehouse.' "

Penn Square's problems arose because it did not behave as local banks traditionally do, making auto and small business loans to neighborhood folk. Instead, it aggressively courted high-rolling energy prospectors and "upstreamed" their business to Continental and other major institutions like Chase Manhattan and Michigan National that followed the well-reputed Chicago bank's lead. In

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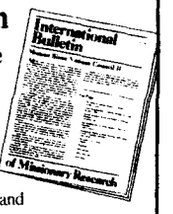

This report is the product of three private meetings that took place over a period of seven years, 1977-1984, in Venice, Cambridge, and Landévennec, France.

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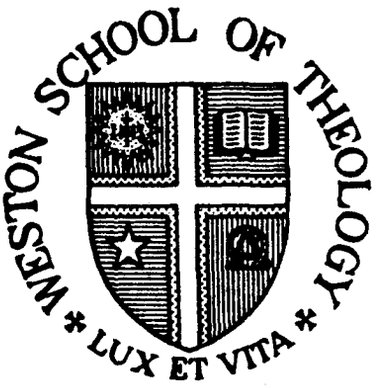

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this, Penn Square and Continental were acting more like loan brokers and venture capitalists than conservative commercial bankers.

The pivotal person in this mad money-merchantizing was Bill "Monkeybrains" Patterson, a man in his early thirties who ran Penn Square's oil and gas lending division like an OU fraternity rush. Stories abound of how he would meet clients wearing Mickey Mouse ears and entertain them with food fights in ritzy restaurants. Patterson stretched or ignored prudent lending standards and neglected necessary paperwork, often getting his borrowers to sign blank promissory notes. When more cautious bank officers questioned one of those transactions, he brushed them off with his favorite phrase: "Hey, that's a done deal!"

Singer also introduces us to Patterson's boss, Bill P. "Beep" Jennings, the bank's chairman and principal stockholder, another affable Oklahoman who liked to think big and disregarded all advice to reign in Patterson. Full portraits are also drawn of numerous "oilies," all of whom it seems had substantial contacts with Republican politicians and Las Vegas entertainers. Foremost in this group was the suave Robert A. Hefner III, tireless promoter of the myth that the deep gas in the Anadarko Basin held the key to the salvation of the planet.

More truly perfidious than these playful practitioners of Okiesmo were the Continental bankers who should have known better. Blame lies on all those in the chain of authority starting with the bank's chairman Roger Anderson who decreed that Continental should lend at a par with the two American giants, Bank of America and Citibank. Anderson was pushed into retirement a year and a half after the Penn Square crash, but glided to his fall on a golden parachute worth $550 thousand a year.

The middle-level Continental official whom Patterson cultivated was John Lytle. At its peak Lytle's portfolio contained over one billion dollars in loans bought through Continental's shopping center correspondent in Oklahoma City. He made enticing deals with Patterson on the understanding that the paperwork would follow, yet rarely checked when it didn't. If Lytle had scrutinized Patterson's practices he would have seen collateral and loan balances shuffled from one borrower's account to another to meet whatever inquiries were coming from upstream lenders. Singer aptly calls this "Musical Lending."

When the energy business fell into decline during the first half of 1982, Penn Square's hydrocarbonated bubble burst. The epilogue has been written by bankruptcy lawyers. Singer well notes, however, that nagging questions remain about the competency of those charged with superintending Penn Square's affairs. Why did Peat, Marwick, and Mitchell give the bank a clean opinion three months before it was closed? Were federal examiners too lenient in giving Penn Square time to work out its problems?

Ultimately the federal government did pay the price in the person of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (the proper name of the F.D.I.C. whose identity so rightly concerned my first breakfast companions in Tulsa). Continental continued to teeter from after-shocks following Penn Square's collapse, and in July, 1984 the F.D.I.C. had to infuse the bank with a billion dollars of new capital, virtually taking over Continental to prevent further damage to even larger interconnected banks.

Singer's final interviews with the "oilies" hint that with indestructible Okiesmo they are shaking off their creditors' committees and praying for that blessed day when the air forces of Iran and Iraq take out each other's oil fields. When that or some other event sets off the next oil boom, the regulators had better be ready.

In Brief

EXCESS: EROS AND CULTURE, *by Alphonso Lingis. State University of New York, $9.95 paper, 163 pp.*

Prepare yourself for a trip in style into the erotic foundations of culture — through Lingis's first-person accounts of journeys to the bottom of the sea, to East Africa, medieval Khajuraho in India, to

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Bali fire-walks, to New Guinea, and Sri Lanka. The style is elegant, precise essay, very French; and the philosophical method which Coleridge envisioned as the systematic use of imagination, a penetration into image, figure, and event — which in this case defamiliarizes the familiar by exploring the limits of boundless eros in cultures which do not figure things the way we do. Lingis, professor of philosophy at Pennsylvania State University, though obviously familiar with Derrida, Lacan, and Foucault, is his own master, I am tempted to say a ludic "little tailor" killing giants who have spoken on this topic — Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, Kant, Nietzsche, Freud, and Lévi-Strauss — like so many flies. It's proof that iconoclasm can be a delight — and deconstruction beautiful. But this is a traveling tailor who also reweaves, as he goes, a coat of many colors.

D.T.

Correspondence

(Continued from page 66)

The result? He was arrested and, except for a $1 million contribution to the Prime Minister's Relief Fund (which was not accepted until about two months later), virtually all other offers of aid (all of an *ex gratia* nature) have been rebuffed. (Although, as this is written, we have been informed that the Indian Red Cross and American Red Cross have finally worked out an accord permitting the Indian organization to accept a $5 million contribution made by Union Carbide at the suggestion of the judge in the U.S. federal litigation.)

As an end point on the responsibility issue, Union Carbide initially reported in March 1985 that its investigation suggested a deliberate act was possible. Further investigations (although hampered by the refusal of the Indian Central Bureau of Investigation to permit interviews of Union Carbide India Limited personnel on duty at the plant on the night of the incident) have confirmed that possibility. We believe more strongly than ever, that a deliberate act is the only plausible explanation of how water would enter that system in the volume required to trigger the chemical reaction that occurred.

Mr. Glixon also asserts that the "U.S. office" (by which I assume he means Union Carbide Corporation) "has complete authority to control technical operations in its overseas plants." The statement reflects a complete lack of understanding of some fundamental international business principles.

A little history is in order. A decade ago, multinationals were being soundly criticized for failing to accommodate the aspirations of host countries, which included permitting local share ownership, staffing to the extent possible with local nationals and supplying raw materials on a local basis (thereby conserving foreign exchange and promoting local employment). Many countries enacted legislation or applied more subtle, but nevertheless effective, pressure to achieve these objectives. Multinationals, Union Carbide included, reviewed their overseas investments and attempted to respond. India was a case in point. Union Carbide Corporation now owns 50.9 percent of the stock of Union Carbide India Limited and is represented by five of the eleven-member board of directors. The remaining 49.1 percent of stock is owned by some 27,000 Indian stockholders, including financial institutions which are owned in turn by the government of India. Union Carbide India Limited employs over 9,000 people, not one of whom is an American. This includes UCIL's chairman of the board and managing director — both of whom are Indian nationals. Union Carbide India Limited began to manufacture methyl isocyanate, a compound known as MIC, in India because, unless it promised to do so the government of India threatened to cease issuing import licenses for the

REVIEWERS

DAVID J. O'BRIEN *teaches history at the College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, Massachusetts.*

DENNIS P. McCANN *is the author (with Charles Strain) of* Polity and Praxis: A Program for American Practical Theology.

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finished pesticides. Consequently, MIC was manufactured in India not because it was cheaper to make there, as Mr. Glixon asserts; on the contrary, it was more costly to manufacture in India, as Warren Anderson noted at our March 20, 1985 press conference.

Given the facts recited above, one is hard pressed to turn 50.9 percent ownership of stock — and a minority position on the board of directors — into "complete authority to control technical operations . . ." in the Bhopal plant of Union Carbide India Limited. The reality was — and is — that parent companies, such as Union Carbide Corporation, scrupulously observe the independence of foreign affiliates, such as UCIL, for several good reasons. First, the local employees are usually highly qualified to operate the company in the same way as any other public company is operated. Secondly, the local Indian shareholders and the government of India would brook no encroachment on the independence of a public company such as Union Carbide India Limited. This is not to say the ties weren't close; they were and are. Union Carbide Corporation has been involved with Union Carbide India Limited for over fifty years and those ties are long and deep. But they are not ties that control day-to-day operations.

Finally, Mr. Glixon decries the fact that the Bhopal plant was constructed in a densely populated area. Again not so. The plant was actually constructed in a remote area. However, as anyone familiar with India knows, it isn't long before squatters begin to erect shanty towns around such a facility, frequently starting by using the walls or fence of the plant as the rear wall for a makeshift home. Over a period of years, a relatively remote area burgeoned into a large, slum-like neighborhood — a development which Union Carbide India was powerless to prevent. In fact, these dwellings were legitimized by the local government, which granted leaseholds to the squatters.

Union Carbide Corporation employs nearly 50,000 people in the United States. It has been a good corporate citizen, as have its affiliated companies in foreign countries. This has been a painful year for both management and employees, but they have been and remain proud of their association with Carbide — which is why articles such as Mr. Glixon's merit more than a passing and casual refutation.

JOSEPH E. GEOGHAN
Deputy General Counsel
Union Carbide Corporation

The author replies:

Mr. Geoghan defends Carbide against points I did not make and evades those I did.

It was not I who asserted that Carbide has technical control, but "previous company officers," cited in the *New York Times*. These officers were quite pointed: "They added that the parent company also had the right to intervene in day-to-day affairs if it concluded that safety might be affected." According to one former senior official, "The line of communication was loud and clear."

At the end of December '85, Mr. Geoghan's assertions here looked even more questionable when the Indian claims went to a New York court, and Carbide finally released certain private documents. The *Times* reported January 3, that "corporate documents, many of which are stamped 'confidential,' suggest that headquarters was very much involved in the [Bhopal] plant." Details given strongly support this statement.

I did not say the Bhopal plant "was constructed" in a densely populated area, but that the area is densely populated *now*. I am well aware that the area was isolated when the plant was built. Is Mr. Geoghan suggesting that the 900,000 people who settled in Bhopal were invisible? If not, Union Carbide's responsibility was to deal with the situation as it evolved, not as it was when the plant was built.

I did not say the pesticide was manufactured in India "because it was cheaper to make it there." Mr. Geoghan's misreading here is particularly dubious. I said that Carbide used methyl isocyanate, the killer chemical responsible for the casualities, because *that* was cheaper. Carbide once made Sevin, the pesticide in question, without MIC, but later added it. This is a crucial point, yet one that Mr. Geoghan fails to address.

Mr. Geoghan says Union Carbide now believes sabotage is responsible for Bhopal. For the sake of argument, let us concede this possibility. It does not change the fact that Union Carbide continued to operate a plant where disasters of the Bhopal magnitude were possible, however caused.

Incidentally, it seems strange that Mr. Geoghan would say that in March 1985 Carbide suspected sabotage since, on March 26, Mr. Anderson told a Congressional subcommittee that there was "no evidence whatsoever that sabotage was behind the incident at Bhopal."

When I said that Carbide officers refused to discuss responsibility with reporters, it was in the context of a paragraph about *New York Times*'s investigators. On January 28, 1985, after seven weeks of digging, the *Times* reported that Carbide "declined to make Warren M. Anderson, its chairman, [or] its director of health, safety, and environmental affairs or any of its scientific experts available to respond directly to the questions. . . ." It is one thing to announce, "I accept responsibility." It

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is quite another to permit reporters to pinpoint the nature of that responsibility. Facing that, Carbide officers stonewalled.

Mr. Geoghan maintains that Carbide has been "a good corporate citizen." How good? For another answer, let us look, for a moment, at the Institute incident. In the wake of Bhopal, Carbide spent a good deal of effort and money to shore up Bhopal's twin plant at Institute, West Virginia. Yet the following August, a chemical leak there sent 135 people to the hospital, and the company admitted that all the failures were within the company's control. If this is so, then Carbide failed once again to take *adequate* responsibility — in action, as opposed to rhetoric.

My central point still stands. At Bhopal, 2,000 people died and 200,000 suffered in an avoidable accident. To prevent it, at least one person had to take the initiative. But the nature of the modern corporation is such that responsibility to do so is shockingly diffused. Mr. Geoghan's elaborate description of Union Carbide's corporate structure only bears this out. NIEL GLIXON

Radical for our time

Sandstone, Minn.

To the Editors: . . . In spite of my limited contacts with Dorothy Day, I still do not hesitate to say that from my point of view she was "the most significant, interesting, and influential person in the history of American Catholicism" ["Dorothy Day: Still a Radical," Nov. 29, 1985].

My residing here in prison is a logical and authentic continuation of the effect the Catholic Worker movement has had in my life. I cannot say the same for any other aspect of my Catholic institutional life, including my affiliation with the Oblate Fathers and Brothers since I was fourteen years old in 1946.

What is both interesting and ironic is that there are millions of Catholics in the U.S.A. who have never even heard of her and who have no idea how significant she has been to American Catholicism.

Dorothy Day will never be the model or patron saint of the typical middle-class American parish. If that were where true Christianity is to be found, her life would have been wasted and insignificant. Dorothy Day lived on the margins of American life and she lived with "marginal people." Strange to say, this is where the truest Christianity and the most intense sanctity is to be found.

I don't know if the Catholic Worker movement can be bottled into a prescribed system or if it can be described in some sort of "manifesto," but I do know that it has been the most authentic form of Christianity I have found in my life and I am more than willing to give my vote to declaring Dorothy Day a saint, as well as a valid and radical Christian for our time.

FR. PAUL KABAT, O.M.I.

Paul Kabat was one of four participants in a Plowshares disarmament action who entered a missile site near Kansas City, damaged a silo lid, and offered a Eucharist in November 1984. Last March, he was sentenced to ten years imprisonment. THE EDITORS

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Notebooks, Jacques Maritain, 312 pages, $13.89 post. paid, is a new companion to *Raissa's Journal*, 400 pages, also $13.89. Magi Books, Inc. 33 Buckingham Dr. Albany, N.Y. 12208.

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21st Biblical Institute, Trinity College, Burlington, VT 05401, June 15-20, 1986. Faculty: Donald Senior, Carolyn Osiek, Roland Murphy, Bruce Metzger, Reginald Fuller, Joseph Cunneen. Write: Sister Miriam Ward.

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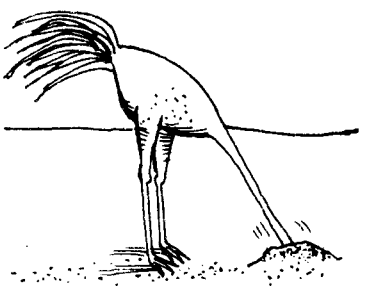

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